The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The June number of The Bookman will contain an illustrated article on Joseph Addison, by Mr. J. H. Lobban, editor of "English Essays."

The Savage is the oldest of the Bohemian Clubs in London; this year it celebrates its fiftieth year of existence, and Mr. Aaron Watson, who has been a member of it for nearly half that period, has written a history of the Club which Mr. Fisher Unwin is publishing. The book, which will be copiously illustrated with reproductions of many of the interesting drawings and caricatures that hang on the walls of the Club, is full of amusing anecdotes, and has much to tell of the numerous distinguished men of literature, art, music, and the drama who are or have been "Savages." Mr. Watson's medley of history, anecdote, and reminiscence will be supplemented by an original chapter that has been contributed by Mark Twain.

A new five-act drama in blank verse has been written by Miss Mary Johnston, author of "Audrey" and "The Old Dominion." It deals with Brittany under the Terror, and is entitled "The Goddess of Reason."

Since the appearance of Huchon's "Crabbe," the latest French monograph on English literature is a particularly interesting study of "John Locke," his political theories and their influence in England, by Charles Bastide, Professor at the Lycée Charlemagne. The influence of Locke upon the whole Whig theory of religious and political constitutionalism, directed and controlled by an aristocratic group, has never perhaps been so well developed.

It is interesting to learn that Mr. Walter Sichel, who has for some time been working upon Sheridan, has discovered a whole mine of new material, from which an exceptionally interesting presentation of a personality hitherto so obscure may surely be anticipated.

Among the last verses that Aldrich penned were the memorial strophes on Longfellow for the *Atlantic Monthly* of March, which have now gained an added note of *penseroso:*

> "Above his grave the grass and snow
> Their soft antiphonal strophes write:
> Moonrise and daybreak come and go:
> Summer by summer on the height
> The thrushes find melodious breath.
> Here let no vagrant winds that blow
> Across the spaces of the night
> Whisper of death."

Among future literary celebrations, apart from the centenary of Fielding's birth, which is begetting a large tribe of articles, some heat of discussion about "Shamela," and a new edition of Dobson's Fielding in the "English Men of Letters," there are the tercentenary fêtes at Jamestown, Virginia, in connection with which Messrs. Constable are bringing out a new issue of the scarce complete works of Captain John Smith. And then there is the pageant at Oxford, *apropos* of which we learn that Mr. Thomas Seccombe has planned a Repertorium of excerpts from ancient

and modern works dealing with Oxford history, the topography of city and University, and the life and associations of the place from the earliest times down to the present day.

Two well-documented articles have appeared appropriately to the season, and are likely to prove of permanent value to Shakespeare students and collectors; one on the Shakespearean books presented to the Brighton Library by Halliwell-Phillipps, by Mr. Henry Davey, in the *Brighton Herald* for 9th March, 1907; the second on the Scene Divisions in Shakespeare's Plays (and more especially the variations between the old Variorum and the Globe in this respect), contributed to the *Stratford-on-Avon Herald* by Mr. F. J. Payne (March 22nd, 1907).

Higher prices for Shakespeare Folios have never been seen than at the present time. In 1800 a first folio could generally be procured for a ten-pound note. In 1907 the Rowfant copy, sold two years back in America for £3,000, was repurchased in England for another American collector at the portentous sum of £3,600.

But the most interesting apparition in connection with this year's Festival is, of course, the publication of the long-deferred "Shakespeare" in the "Men of Letters" series. The task which Carlyle and George Eliot shirked has at length been performed, and that with characteristic brilliance of style and energy of thought, by Professor Raleigh. The biographical section, which is brief, shows a humour, a common sense, and a centrality of view which have not been too conspicuous hitherto among Shakespearean scholars.

From a photo by W. Crooke, Edinburgh. **Mrs. E. M. Sellar.**
Author of "Recollections and Impressions."
(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Wm. Blackwood and Sons.)

So far, the novels and stories of Mrs. M. E. Francis have dealt almost entirely with rustic life; generally with the rustic life of Dorsetshire, though in her last book, "Stepping Westward," she included one or two stories that went as far afield as West Lancashire; but she has just completed a new novel, "Hardy on the Hill," which, while it lays its scene again in Dorset, is concerned with the town dwellers instead of with the villagers. After its serial issue in England and America, it will be published by Messrs. Methuen. Mrs. Francis has lately joined the ranks of our successful dramatists; the acting rights of the play based on her novel, "Fiander's Widow," have been acquired by Mr. Arthur Bourchier, and she has another three-act drama well on its way towards completion.

Few living novelists have done stronger or more artistic work than Miss May Sinclair; with her last novel, "The Divine Fire," she came deservedly and assuredly into her own: it was amongst our own best and best-selling books of its season, and in America its success was instant and immense. Her new novel, "The Helpmate," is simpler, more elemental, and of stronger human interest; its scene is an English provincial town, and it is a "husband and wife" story, all the minor interests and characters of it being gathered about the problem that disquiets the lives of these two. It is at present appearing serially in the *Atlantic Monthly*, but is to be published in book-form this autumn in England and America.

The dinner held to commemorate Mr. Bullen's brief but brilliant editorship of the *Gentleman's Magazine* elicited numerous tributes to Mr. Bullen's long and tried service in the cause of literary scholarship. It had for years been a cherished desire of the guest of the evening to try his therapeutic art upon "Sylvanus Urban, Gent," and it was only natural to sympathise with him over the fickleness of the patient.

Among those present at the dinner were Mr. Masefield, F. Sidgwick, R. B. McKerrow, A. W. Pollard, E. K. Chambers, W. W. Greg, E. V. Lucas, T. Seccombe, A. Vian, G. Thorn Drury, O. Sallmann, G. H. Powell, and Warwick Bond. It was held at Simpsons on the 21st March, and there and then, if ever, the refrain was appropriate:

> "Bullen, well done!
> Where Campion lies in London-land,
> Lull'd by the thunders of the Strand,
> Screen'd from the sun,
> Surely there must
> Now pass some pleasant gleam. . . "

The coming work on "The Scot in London," by the

Reverend Dr. Archibald Fleming, of St. Columba's, Pont Street, London, should prove a highly interesting work if the ground has been covered in comprehensive fashion. The subject is a large and attractive one; and it is odd that there is no existing work on the subject, though it has been written of in many newspaper and magazine articles. In 1905 Dr. Fleming wrote a series of articles on the London Scot in *Life and Work*, the organ of the Established Church of Scotland, and it was this series which gave him the idea for the book which Messrs. Blackwood are about to publish. Dr. Fleming is in intimate touch with the Scottish colony of London, and he has an accomplished pen—a pen which did sound work in the *National Observer* when Mr. W. E. Henley was in charge.

DOWN AGAIN!

'Twas the voice of the Public, I heard it complain,
"I have bought them too soon! They are cheaper again!
A few years ago I could purchase a set
Of classic reprints each at two shillings net,
But I'd no sooner gone to that modest expense
Than a new lot was out and the price eighteenpence;
To buy them again I was perfectly willing;
Then came fresh editions reduced to a shilling,
And now that I've those on my shelf within reach,
Here's another new series at sevenpence each,
And I hear there are others soon going to press
At sixpence, and fourpence, and threepence, and less;
And whilst they're all welcomed in country and town,
Still the sales will go up and the price will go down.
But it's no gain to buy a book twice, that's the worst!
Though the nice second copy costs less than the first;
So I think I'll be patient and not purchase any
Till somebody brings the price down to a penny;
Perhaps if I wait long enough, who can say?
There may yet be a firm that will give them away!"

Mr. Frederick Rogers has written a study of "The Seven Deadly Sins," in which he endeavours to trace the various presentations of the Sins as they have been given by men of powerful imagination or profound insight at different periods in our literary history. The book being for ordinary readers, the ancient prose and verse descriptions have been modernised; and ten early illustrations of the Sins are reproduced. The book has just been published by Mr. A. H. Bullen.

Mr. Ingpen's admirable illustrated edition of Boswell's "Johnson" fully sustains the high estimate we formed of the first part. This has already gone into a second edition, and part two contains a number of very interesting and seldom seen illustrations.

There may be people who will echo a slightly restive feeling, to which we will admit that we are no

Miss M. P. Willcocks,
Author of "The Wingless Victory." (See p. 68.)
Photo E. Lippiatt, Leamington.
(Reproduced by kind permission of John Lane.)

strangers, in regard to new bird books. One may have a surfeit even in spring of the domesticities of small birds. But no amount of preliminary prejudice can blind us to the pre-eminent value and attraction of "The Bird, its Form and Function," by C. William Beebe, Curator of the New York Zoological Park, just issued in England by A. Constable and Co. From the frontispiece of a toothed bird, of a modest "four millions of years ago," down to the Index on p. 482, virtually every page has an illustration—and such marvellous illustrations! One of a brown pelican in the very act of throwing a fish into the air preparatory to gobbling it whole; another an osprey with a fish just caught in its claws, and many equally amazing. The letterpress, too, tells one just those things about the ancestors, the feathers, wings, senses, beaks, scales, feet, and food of birds that the intelligent person, who is untrained in science, is keen to learn.

A strong bid for popularity in the proper Kingdom of Man is being made in a novel entitled "The Widda-man," by T. Kingston Clarke, a specialist in Simnel cakes for two months in the year, and for the rest, writer, philosopher, and student of T. E. Brown, the publishers of whose "Letters" (A. Constable and Co.) will appropriately sponsor the new Manx novel.

We are indebted to Mr. Reginald J. Smith, K.C., for the use of two original drawings by Du Maurier. We have also to thank Messrs. Macmillan and Co. for permission to reproduce two drawings by Mr. Hugh Thomson, Messrs. Nisbet and Co. for two drawings by Miss Chris Hammond, Messrs. Dent and Co. for a drawing by Mr. C. E. Brock, Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. for drawings by Du Maurier, and Mr. George Allen for two drawings by Mr. T. H. Robinson.

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

MR. HAROLD BEGBIE.

TO no writer of the younger generation of novelists are some of us looking with higher expectations than to Mr. Harold Begbie. His work already, both in literature and journalism, has won for him a wide circle of readers amongst the more thoughtful section of the public, and those who have any sensitiveness in such matters have not failed to feel in all he has done so far a certain pulse and heat of nervous, burning energies that are still reaching forward for the light, a suggestion of reserves of imaginative strength that are still only finding an outlet, and have yet to be brought into full play. Despite his high achievements as author and journalist, he has not reached his highest; happily other worlds remain for him to conquer, and one feels that he has the will and the power to conquer them.

His success has not come to him—he has had to go to it; he has had to wait and to work for it. Born in 1871, Mr. Begbie is a son of the Rev. Mars Hamilton Begbie, a clergyman of the Charles Kingsley school; but he has had soldiers as well as parsons to his forebears, and I fancy you may trace the influence of both strains in his work; of the one in his choice of themes, of the other in the forcible, often militant spirit of his style. He comes indeed of a distinguished military family: both of his grandfathers were Generals, one of whom wrote a history of the Madras Army, and both of whom saw a deal of active service; two of his brothers have adopted the same profession, and his uncle is General Elphinstone Begbie, C.B., D.S.O., the Adjutant-General of Burmah; and though Mr. Begbie has rejected the sword in favour of the mightier weapon, what's bred in the bone has to come out in the ink. He can write as quietly, as daintily, and with as gracious and tender a hand as any man when he will, but there are occasions, as he himself confesses, "when I want to hit my dislikes, and I instinctively hit them hard."

Like the majority of authors who begin early, Mr. Begbie began as a poet. He speaks modestly, even disparagingly, of those sprightly runnings of his morning Muse, and declares that had his father been severely critical, instead of generously encouraging, it would have nipped all his youthful ambition in the bud. As it was, although magazine editors regarded the verses with a cold eye and sent them back, they were more than appreciated by the critic on the hearth, so he was contented to go on "praying to God and hammering away." One or two of the poems were accepted by the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Pall Mall Magazine*, but, on the whole, the results were disappointing, and when, writing as a stranger for advice, he sent some sonnets to Mr. Zangwill, asking if he would pronounce judgment on them, Mr. Zangwill replied, not without praise and kindly counsel, warning him that in these days and in this country Parnassus was not "an auriferous mountain."

Then it was that Mr. Begbie determined on writing his first novel, his natural inclination thereto receiving an impetus from a certain publisher's reader who attended his father's church at Stockwell. It was an earnest and ambitious novel, full of rampant heresies and the pessimisms of youth, and Mr. John Lane, to whom it was submitted, wrote, in due season, that not finding it easy to make up his mind he had got three different readers to report on the MS., and as their views were hopelessly divergent, he had read it himself, and come to the conclusion that it would be better for the author to lock it up in his desk for six months and then read it again, when, he concluded, "I think you will thank me for not publishing it; but please send me your next book."

You may guess Mr. Begbie was not born in London, for he hates the big city with all his soul; and sick now, for the time, of town and of literature he turned his back on the restless fever of the streets and went away to live a pastoral life in Devonshire. He farmed a few acres there, filled his leisure with playing in private theatricals, and at cricket and tennis, and persuaded himself, for a little, that writing was not his trade, and he had done with that business for good. But old impulses began to revive in him, subtle promptings that were not to be denied, and soon he was in such mood that he "had to write or burst," and decided against the explosion. Now, too, he found the editors growing more amenable. He poured out verses in great quantity, and most of them met with a ready acceptance. But he was married; his responsibilities had increased, and the farm took more money out of him than he could get out of it; so, one way and another, he resolved to return to London and try his luck there again.

A letter of introduction from Mr. G. W. E. Russell was the means of getting Mr. H. W. Massingham to give him a hearing, and Mr. Begbie commenced and continued writing verses for the *Daily Chronicle*, and made headway as an occasional contributor elsewhere. But the struggle to gain a footing was difficult and disheartening; till a letter from one of his brothers who was soldiering in India happened to mention that Mr. E. K. Robinson, formerly editor of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, had seen and been greatly taken with Mr. Begbie's verse, and wanted to meet him. Not long after, the meeting came about, and proved to be a turning-point in Mr. Begbie's career. This was before Mr. Robinson was famous as one of the most charming and original writers on Nature and life in the animal world. Through his introduction, Mr. Begbie secured an appointment on the staff of the *Globe*, and so was at length able to count himself a professional journalist. For some time he wrote the well known By-the-Way column there, in conjunction with Mr. Robinson; subsequently he became sole editor of it.

Until then he had been enduring his full share of the rebuffs, deferred hopes and premature despairs that are the lot of every literary beginner who is not comfortably

backed with an unlimited supply of the right sort of influence. He had possessed no personal acquaintance with newspaper men, editors or publishers; but now the way began to seem easier, and was easy after he had written and published "The Handy Man," a book which caught on immediately, and was enjoying a full boom before he knew it had got there. Thenceforward, as most of us know, Mr. Begbie has been one of the most brilliantly successful and popular of our newer journalists. He has contributed largely to the *Daily Mail*, *Morning Post*, *Westminster Gazette*, *Punch*, *World*, *Times*, etc.; he has delighted every sort of politician with his satirical series of "The Political Struwwelpeter," and has captured the hearts of multitudes of younger readers with those admirable books for children, "Bundy in the Greenwood," and "Bundy at Sea"; but if I am to say frankly which of his books ranks first in my regard, I give an unhesitating vote for "The Curious and Diverting Adventures of Sir John Sparrow." It was published in 1902, and though, for my sins, I read most of the fiction that issues every year from the press, I have not since come across a more shrewdly observant, more fantastically humorous, more keenly but genially satirical book. It is the story of how Sir John, simple, chivalrous country gentleman, comes to London to investigate the sin and sorrow of it, and find how they may be remedied. He comes with his practical man-servant, an up-to-date Don Quixote with his Sancho Panza; he tilts at his windmills gallantly and comes to grief; he is led into taking up in succession almost every prominent religious, dietetic, and hygienic fad of the day, fervently believing that in each, in its turn, he has discovered the true panacea for the woes of humanity; but the whimsical, grotesque comedy of it all has an undercurrent of earnestness and quiet pathos that leaves you thinking, when you have done laughing. I believe this story scored a considerable success, but I am certain it had not a tithe of the success it deserved.

Photo Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Harold Begbie.

Meanwhile, in the course of his daily work as a journalist, Mr. Begbie had come into personal contact with such men as Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, G. F. Watts, and a result of this contact was to direct his thoughts to the larger psychological problems of existence, and presently he was writing lucidly and knowledgeably and with insight on a subject which had theretofore only vaguely interested him as an insoluble riddle. The outcome of this development was the famous series of articles on "Master Workers," which was published serially in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and then in volume by Messrs. Methuen, when it met with enthusiastic acceptance from critics and public, bringing Mr. Begbie into touch with many new friends in this country and with many interesting and some strange correspondents who wrote to him from the ends of the earth.

With the publication of "The Priest," last year, Mr. Begbie signalised in earnest his entry upon the career of a novelist, and a triumphant entry it was. The story showed vividly and realistically the dangers to which the Church of England was exposed from the presence in its midst of numbers of clergymen who were simply disguised Roman Catholics, members of a secret society sworn to undermine the Protestant faith. The exposures were made in fiery and fearless earnest; divers Roman Catholic critics denounced it as an outbreak of mere Kensitism, but in the opposite camp it stirred something very like alarm, and the strength of its characterisation, its humour, its dramatic intensity and abounding human interest, won popularity for it, even with those to whom its religious issues were of little or no concern.

In these days, Mr. Begbie has wisely deserted London again, and is living in Hampshire; having an abiding love of the country and the restfulness of nature. He makes a habit of walking a good many miles every day, wet or fine, busies himself at odd times about his farm, reads, of summer evenings, in his garden, and in winter, after lamplight, by his study fire. To the journalistic slave chained to his pen in Fleet Street, with the snarl and hoot of motors under his window, the hearing of such an ideal existence sounds like a rumour of Heaven. These are Mr. Begbie's recreations; he has no settled methods of work. In the strenuous school of journalism he learnt to be a hard writer, and will often do his 10,000 words a day, but though he writes nearly every morning he finds that his best hours are between tea and dinner, from 5 till 7.30.

Withal, he is no recluse; he finds it difficult to breathe and live a full life in London, but an occasional run up to town acts like a tonic on his energies. The life of our own day, and the social and religious questions with which it is faced, have always attracted Mr. Begbie, and they form the groundwork of all his books. Latterly, he has been more and more drawn to devoting his time and ability to expressing in fictitious guise the great religious problems of the age that most potently appeal

to him, and for him, as for most thoughtful men, the supreme problem, the supreme interest of life is in the mystery and darkness that lie at the end of all our dreams about immortality. He is shortly publishing a new novel, "The Vigil," which is less sensational, less controversial than "The Priest," but shows the same spiritual eagerness, the same large sympathy with humanity as characterised that remarkable book. Here is no exposure of ecclesiastical intrigues, but the moving, half-idealistic, half-realistic story of the love of a rich and beautiful girl for a good but doubting Anglican priest, who has made vows of celibacy. They had known each other since childhood, and she understands him better than he understands himself, and can wait patiently for the day which she is sure will come when he will know it is a greater sin to keep such a vow than to break it. He goes from a London slum to become Vicar of an almost moribund church in a squalid little manufacturing centre, and setting himself to win the people from their spiritual torpor and physical degradation teaches them much, and learns much from them, before he sees his way to happiness.

Mr. Begbie has commissions in hand that will keep him busy for some while to come; he is too reticent to be over-confident, but those who have watched his career have enough confidence in him to make up for that, and know that he is one of the few younger novelists of real achievement who, for all that they have done notable work in the past, have their futures still before them.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

May 1 to June 1.

Messrs. A. and C. Black.

OMOND, G. W. T.—Brabant and East Flanders. Artist, A. Forestier. Twenty Full-page Illustrations in Colour. 7s. 6d. net.
MONCRIEFF, A. R. HOPE.—Middlesex. Artist, John Fulleylove, R.I. Twenty Full-page Illustrations in Colour. 7s. 6d. net.
HOLMES, SIR RICHARD R., K.C.V.O.—Windsor. Artist, George M. Hinton. Twenty Full-page Illustrations in Colour. 7s. 6d. net.
HILL, G. CHATTERTON.—Heredity and Selection in Sociology. 7s. 6d. net.
BARNETT, CANON.—Religion and Progress. 6d. net.
MILLS, J. SAXON.—British Fiscal System. 1s. net.

Messrs. W. Blackwood and Sons.

MACPHERSON, HECTOR.—A Century of Intellectual Development. 6s. net.
EVERARD, H. S. C.—History of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, St. Andrews. With 8 Coloured Portraits and many unique Illustrations. 21s. net.
MUNRO, NEIL.—The Daft Days: A Novel. 6s.
PATTISON, PROF. A. SETH PRINGLE.—The Philosophical Radicals. 6s. net.
MACKAY, LYDIA MILLER.—The Return of the Emigrant: A Novel. 6s.
MILL, GARRETT.—The Cardinal's Secret: A Novel. 6s.

Messrs. Cassell and Co.

MARCHMONT, A. W.—The Man Who Was Dead. 6s
FRANKFORT MOORE, F.—Captain Latymer. 6s.
BROWN, KENNETH. Sirocco. 6s.
ANON.—Lighter Days with Troddles. 3s. 6d.
WHITE, F. M.—The Midnight Guest. 6s.
WILSON-WILSON, THEODORA.—A Navvy from King's. 6s.
DAVIS, MISS GEORGINA L.—Napoleon the First at the Camp of Boulogne. 7s. 6d. net.
Royal Academy Pictures, 1907. Paper covers 3s. net, cloth gilt 5s. net.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

DAVEY, RICHARD.—The Sultan and his Subjects. A new Edition. Revised. 7s. 6d. net.
LOFTIE, W. J., M. H. SPIELMANN, and YOSHIO MARKINO.—The Colour of London. 20s. net and 42s. net.
SYMONDS, JOHN ADDINGTON.—Wine, Women, and Song. A new Edition. 1s. 6d. net and 6s. net.
DANBY, FRANK.—A Coquette in Crape. 1s. net and 1s. 6d. net.
ZOLA, EMILE.—Money. Cheap Edition. 6d.
WESTALL, WILLIAM.—With the Red Eagle. Cheap Edition. 6d.
GORE, J. ELLARD.—Astronomical Essays. 6s. net.
PETIT HOMME ROUGE, LE.—The Court of the Tuileries, 1852-1870. 7s. 6d. net.
EDWARDS, A. CLEMENT, M.P.—The Workmen's Compensation Act. 1s. net.
Paris Salon Illustrated Catalogue. 3s.
STEVENSON, E. BURTON.—Affairs of State: A Novel. 3s. 6d.

The Clarendon Press.

The Imperial Gazetteer of India.—The Indian Empire. Vol. I., Descriptive. Vol. III., Economic. Vol. IV., Administrative.
JOST, LUDWIG.—Lectures on Plant Physiology. Translated, R. J. Harvey Gibson, Prof. of Botany, Univ., Liverpool.
KNUTH.—Handbook of Floral Pollination. Translated, J. R. Ainsworth Davis. Vol. II.
STEIN, M. AUREL.—Ancient Khotan. 4to. Two vols. Catalogue of the Coins in the Indian Museum. Vol. II., Ancient Coins of Indian Types.

Messrs. W. B. Clive and Sons.

WATT, A. F., M.A. (Oxon), B.A. (Lond.).—Milton: Early Poems, Comus, Lycidas. (Prepared primarily for the Intermediate Arts Examination of London University, 1908.) 2s. 6d.

Messrs. Constable and Co.

WIGGIN, KATE DOUGLAS.—New Chronicles of Rebecca. 6s.
BETHAM-EDWARDS, M.—Literary Rambles in France. 10s. 6d. net.
LOCKER LAMPSON, G.—A Consideration of the State of Irelaud in the Nineteenth Century. 18s. net.
POLLARD, A. F.—Factors in Modern History. 7s. 6d. net.
BERRY, R. M. FLETCHER.—Fruit Recipes. 7s. 6d. net.
SILBERRAD, UNA L.—The Good Comrade. 6s.
GWYNNE, PAUL.—Doctor Pons. 6s.
CLARKE, T. KINGSTON.—The Widda Man. 6s.
JAMES, WINIFRED.—Bachelor Betty. 6s.
FRENSSEN, GUSTAV.—The Three Comrades. 6s.
PRIOR, JAMES.—The Walking Gentleman. 6s.
MADGE, H. D.—Leaves from the Golden Legend. New Edition. 3s. 6d. net.

The De La More Press.

OSWALD, LINA.—My Little French Friends. An Illustrated First French Reader. 2s. 6d. net.
ALMACK, EDWARD, F.S.A.—A History of the Scots Greys (2nd Dragoons). £2 12s. 6d. net

Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.

BELLOC, HILAIRE, M.P.—The Historic Thames. With 60 Illustrations in Colour. By A. R. Quinton. 21s. net.
The Republic of Plato.—A new translation by A. D. Lindsay, M.A., Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. 7s. 6d. net.
HEADLAM, CECIL.—Oxford (Mediæval Times). Illustrated by Herbert Railton. Cloth 4s. 6d. net, leather 5s. 6d. net.
Contes Choisis de Voltaire (Les Classiques Français). Préface d'Emile Faguet. Cloth 1s. 6d. net, leather 2s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Digby, Long and Co.

"ALIEN."—His Neighbour's Landmark. 6s.
BLYTH, JAMES.—The Canker. 6s.
WYNNE, MAY.—The Goal. 6s.
FORBES, HILDA.—Diabella 6s.
HARDY, IZA DUFFUS.—His Silence. 6s.
BOWDEN, GRACE.—Nella of Pretoria. 6s.
CLEEVE, LUCAS.—Nathan Todd. 6s.
SPEIGHT, T. W.—Time Bargains. 3s. 6d.
RUSSELL, DORA.—Miss Churchill. 3s. 6d.
DELANNOY, BURFORD.—Beaten at the Post. 6s.
MARRYAT, FLORENCE.—The Luckiest Girl in Yorkshire. 6s.
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THE READER.

THE HISTORY OF HENRY ESMOND, ESQ.

A STUDY:

By Thomas Seccombe.

"Esmond looks very stately and handsome in print, and bore as he is, I think he will do me credit."

THAN Thackeray's "Esmond" no more brilliant essay has ever been made, perhaps, in its kind, towards the solution of the many and well nigh insuperable problems raised by that most difficult genre of fiction known as the historical novel. It is a kind which, as it seems to me, only literary giants of the calibre of Shakespeare and Scott can handle to the complete satisfaction of the great multitude of readers in successive generations. In the secret heart of the great army of Scott enthusiasts, among which I am proud to enrol myself as one of the least and humblest of private soldiers, I doubt if it would ever be conceded that "Esmond" approaches such a masterpiece as, let us say, "Redgauntlet," any more than "Lady Clancarty" can be said to approximate a drama of the magnitude of Shelley's "Cenci" or Shakespeare's "Henry V." But no work can altogether bear the strain of the superhuman effort necessary in any attempt to realise the past in such a way as to be interesting and intelligible to the present—and the shortcomings of all such attempts will be very variously estimated. "Esmond" has created so deep an impression, and engraved so many memorable scenes upon the minds of its readers, that in criticising it with frankness we need be in no apprehension of disturbing the fidelity of its innumerable admirers. Were not that notoriously the case, one might hesitate to incur the imputation of picking faults in a work essentially so noble.

The spectacle of a satirist of contemporary manners turning his attention to history is calculated at all times to attract particular notice; the motives which drew Thackeray in the height of his new-born fame to this form of art are especially deserving of our attention. At the period in question, it will be remembered that Thackeray had recently devoted much time and thought to the preparation of his original course of Lectures upon the Humourists of the Eighteenth Century. These lectures paid well, and Thackeray worked uncommonly hard at them. The historical novel which he set himself to write in one yearly (in place of the customary monthly) instalment was intended partly to carry off the overflow of the copious research he had made into the age of Addison, Swift, and Steele. The selection of period was the more daring, and therefore the more inspiring, inasmuch as Macaulay was known to have made it his own. Thackeray was not unaware of his besetting sin as a prose writer and a novelist; the tendency to repeat himself—more particularly in those kind of pocket-handkerchief and pulpit-cushion utterances of which he was so preternaturally fond. His idea was in this more carefully meditated utterance to discover a more objective form of artistic expression, to get away from his personal equation as far as possible, and to give scope for that wonderful mimetic faculty, the parent of some of the most delightful parodies and burlesques in the language. He would have liked to get back into the atmosphere of Barry Lyndon again, where he felt himself in the neighbourhood of Fielding, and in his robust society seemed better able to combat the "creeping mother" of sentimentality which attacked him at times like a veritable hysteria. In neither case, may be, was he completely successful in excluding this undesirable element from the composition, but in "Esmond" he had the satisfaction, at any rate, of knowing that he had "done his possible." It is, he himself said of it, "it is the best I can do." These were the main motives, then, which presided at the conception of a book to which everything that relates, even remotely, may be deemed interesting. But in addition to them there may—nay, there must have been a number of subsidiary considerations in the back of the novelist's mind. Then, as indeed now, the superior person was rather apt to look sideways at serial productions, to which he regarded the novelists of the day as

From a drawing by Hugh Thomson. **Henry Esmond.**

"Do I look very wicked, cousin?"

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From a drawing by Hugh Thomson. **Henry Esmond.**
Captain Steele greeting Joe.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

From a drawing by Chris Hammond. **Henry Esmond.**
(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. J. Nisbet and Co., Ltd.)

committed in a servitude as involuntary as that of the galley-slave to his oar. Here, then, was an answer to these gentlemen. "Esmond" was indeed a gage thrown down to scholars and historical students of Thackeray's own particular period, with hardly less deliberate intention than "Salammbo." The thought might not have been entirely absent from the mind of our St. Barbe, that "Esmond" at any rate was a really scholarly delineation of the eighteenth century, free from the exaggerations of "Barnaby Rudge," and capable of showing "Gushy," if he were capable of learning, the way in which the past was capable of being reconstructed, by scholars and gentlemen.

Finally, it may be pointed out that Thackeray was, when he wrote this novel, meditating a visit to America. It was *de rigueur* in those days that great novelists should have their reputations ratified on the farther shore of the Atlantic. Thackeray would depict for those Republicans the fascination and the charm of such baubles as old dynasties, high rank, and exquisite lineage, and then he would draw the portrait of a hero who rose superior to them all, and preferred to the seductions of the Old World the freedom (supported, it is true, by "merry negroes"), the inspiration, and the undimmed Hope of the New. To achieve all this Thackeray put a very great pressure upon himself. He toiled steadily on to the close of the third volume this the only book, I believe, of which he wrote the last page before it was printed. The book, in fact, was printed and bound only just in time for an advance copy to reach him on the landing-stage at Liverpool on the very eve of embarking for New York. The delay was occasioned partly by the difficulty of procuring enough of the archaic fount of type in which, in imitation of "Lady Willoughby's Diary," the novel had been set. The pecuniary result was for the time being perhaps more completely satisfactory to Thackeray than to his publishers. It brought the author a "lump sum" of £1,200 for "poor mother" and "the two gals." But it had no very resounding success. The *Spectator* and *Fraser* were staunch in its praise. The *Times* and the *Athenæum*, on the other hand, could hardly be got to say a good word in its favour. With the imputation of "small beer" still rankling under its panoply, the Thunderer was saddened at the spectacle of a romancist whose mind seemed to them to have become irrevocably soured. The *donnée* of the book is thus admirably given in the article which George Brimley contributed to the *Spectator* of 6th November, 1852, very soon after its first appearance. "'Esmond' is an autobiographical memoir of the first five-and-thirty years of the life of an English gentleman of family, written in his old age after his retirement to Virginia; and edited with an introduction by his daughter, for the instruction and amusement of her children and descendants, and to give them a lively portrait of the noble gentleman, her father. It is historical, inasmuch as political events enter both as motives to the actors and as facts influencing their fortunes, and because historical personages are brought upon the scene: both are necessary elements in the career of a gentleman and a soldier, but neither forms the staple or the main object of the book—which concerns itself with the characters and fortunes of the noble

family of Castlewood, of which Henry Esmond is a member. The period embraced is from the accession of James the Second to the death of Queen Anne, and the manners depicted are those of the English aristocracy."

Dickens had never gone back more than fifty years; Thackeray goes back more than a hundred from the world as he first saw it—to the classical period of English, which loomed much larger upon Thackeray's generation than it looms upon ours. It is almost necessary to read Jeffrey, Mackintosh, and the early *Quarterly Reviewers* to understand the extent to which, when Thackeray was a boy, the prose writers of those times were regarded as models. It was easy for him to adopt something of their manner, for from his boyhood he had been an enthusiastic lover of Addison, Swift, Dryden and Pope, Steele and Fielding, and the cadence of these old masters had long been his particular quest as a stylist. By reproducing with exceptional care the grave and serious intonation which he had caught from them, Thackeray was able to produce that dignified, solemn, and *lointain* effect which is peculiar to "Esmond," without any abnormal archaisms or affected tricks of archæology whatsoever. In this respect he stands at an advantage over almost all other historical novelists, for he is not cramped in any degree as regards expression, and he is able to dispense altogether with the conventional or arbitrary locutions (Thou, damsel, palfrey, Despardieux, Nay, by my halidome, etc., etc), to which recourse is ordinarily had to convey the smack or flavour of antiquity. Passages of extraordinary beauty abound in the book—to cite but a few, the last two paragraphs in the opening chapter, the reflections of the hero at his mother's grave, the famous description of his return to Walcote after his first campaign, that of the night ride to Castlewood and the last interview with Beatrix and the Pretender towards the close—who would want to "put an end to the prosing" of such passages as these? The answer is to be found in the fact that "Esmond" has itself become a standard and a text-book for style. It is reproduced in innumerable editions, and dark-skinned pupils in Bengal and in Bombay, and eke in Madras, are furrowing their brains at this moment, with the aid of copious notes and explanations that exceed the text in bulk, in the fruitless endeavour to assimilate the full meaning of a book, on every page of which are accumulated in a most remarkable degree the associations, both subtle and complex, of the mind and story of a remote and alien race.

It is significant, I think, that the first part of "Esmond" was written out by the novelist in his own hand. After some chapters he began dictating, and, later on, Panizzi allotted him a small corner in the British Museum Library, and much of the later portion of the book was actually dictated there. I have always thought myself that the first break of twenty or twenty-four chapters in "Esmond" was emphatically the best part of the book. The style of these chapters is almost perfect, and had he only gone on and completed the novel in this vein, it would truly have been superfluous to praise and impertinent to criticise such perfection. Like most other literary performances, however, and nearly all that we love, "Esmond" is far from attaining this absolute perfection. Below the great massif of Scott (and putting aside "Westward Ho," "Lorna Doone," "Kidnapped," and "Catriona," as belonging to rather a different category), I should be inclined to rank "Esmond" along with such works as "John Inglesant," "The Cloister and the Hearth," and "Romola." All of them are manifestly works of genius, and out of Scott it would be impossible, probably, in English to match them. But all of them, I think, resemble one another in this, that the material of research is rather too much obtruded, and that the detail is not subordinated quite satisfactorily to the main design. Scott was a born archæologist, much greater by intuition and natural predilection than any of

"She swept out of the room with the air of an empress"

From a drawing by Chris Hammond. **Henry Esmond.**
(Reproduced from "Esmond" by kind permission of Messrs. J. Nisbet and Co., Ltd.)

the foregoing. It is extraordinary, therefore, but it is undoubtedly a fact that Scott's historical and antiquarian lore is both far more spontaneous, and far better adapted to the plot and environment upon which he is working than that of any of his successors. The "Fortunes of Nigel" was perhaps the only novel upon the material of which Scott laboured at all heavily. And yet how marvellously little he was constrained or trammelled by the elaboration requisite for such a presentation of Jacobean London! In "Kenilworth" it is the same; the material is thoroughly fused into the general scheme, and the scheme itself subordinated to the characters. Anachronisms and historical impossibilities abound in "Kenilworth," you will say; but so also, if you pry into detail, may they be discerned in "Esmond." As a whole, the archæology of the book is excellent. Thackeray had some private material in the possession

of his own family for his picture of Wynendael, and after going over the scene of the affair, and most of the printed material relating to it, the present writer is not in the worst possible position to testify to the extraordinary exactitude of Thackeray's relation. But, on the other hand, it can hardly be denied that the British Museum work is unnecessarily obtruded. There is too much note-book and not quite enough either of the scientific or artistic interpretation of history to satisfy connoisseurs in either branch. In the *coups-d'œil* that the author gives us of the campaigns that his hero serves under Marlborough, there seems to me far too little either of human or of military interest. They are too short to paralyse the reader as the military chapters at the end of "The Virginians" do, but they certainly do succeed in boring him to the extent of their capacity.

The gradual process of Esmond's love for Beatrix is traced with such skill that the abrupt snapping of his bond, like the iron hoop round the heart of the faithful servitor, at the conclusion conveys to us no shock; the persistent but undemonstrative growth of his attachment to that "mistress," towards whom his childish gratitude for protection exfoliates into a complex feeling, in which filial affection and unconscious passion are inextricably blended—all this is consummately developed by the master's most delicate hand. And yet it cannot be denied that it is with somewhat of a shock of revulsion that one finds that the sublime Marquis of Esmond is eventually to marry his first love's mother. Thackeray himself, I think, declared that a young man always falls in love with a woman older than himself, just as a young poet is always eager, when his wings first begin to expand, to espouse the Tragic Muse. But a hero should never marry a woman older than himself. Shakespeare was so nervous about this proclivity of heroes to marry their grandmothers, that with scarcely an exception, he bereaves his heroines. Juliet is almost the only one who has a mother. The semblance of superhuman zeal on the part of Henry Esmond and Frank, at the close of the novel, in their efforts to avert the "disgrace" which Beatrix, in accordance with the traditions of a Jacobite family, saw no shame in courting, has been thought by some to overstep the modesty of nature. But this can be satisfactorily explained by the special motives that both had for desiring another fate for Beatrix. A more serious indictment against the *mise-en-scène* of "Esmond" is that it admits of no humour of that spontaneous kind which was one of Thackeray's most brilliant endowments. Professional humorists, Dick Steele, Addison, and Dean Swift, come upon the scene, it is true, and roar only too loudly, and, indeed, a trifle mechanically. But there is no counterpart of Joe Willett or Miggs, no humorous servant such as Richie Moniplies, no royal buffoon such as James I., to console us for the absence of Captain Costigan or Major Pendennis. And this brings us to the last of this long and ungrateful list of blemishes upon a book that few perhaps have idolised with so good cause as myself; but it is, I conceive, no venial blemish that Colonel Esmond is a character too inhumanly perfect for this sublunary world. Like Pius Aeneas, and other heroes of Epic Romance, it must be admitted that Esmond is just a little too far beyond the reach of human temptation and the rod of human correction. He is proof against the most insidious of evil suggestions, and we know too clearly beforehand that he is superior to every human occasion. He is protected by a goddess—who, like Venus, is not entirely exempt from the foible of jealousy. *Incessu patuit*, and at the end the goddess carries him off in a cloud. It is probably all a hum that they were bound for Virginia. Esmond would prove egregious even among the Immortals, and he was carried off by his mistress to Olympus, whence he still scans the affairs of gods and men with a gentlemanly impassivity, and the perfect serenity of a Queen Anne Beau in black silk stockings, lace ruffles, and red heels.

These are, as it seems to me, some of the shortcomings or imperfections of a very great and a very beautiful book. Thackeray might have overcome some of them without a doubt, but others are due to the strength of his personal prepossessions, which broke through the fence of old-world ideal that he was trying to erect, and to his lack of complete concentration. Most of them, I imagine, are fairly obvious, fairly well agreed upon by those who write about books; and after fifty years or so, with very few exceptions, the fame of a book will begin to depend more and more upon those who write about it. Fortunately they do not all by any means agree: though there is probably no dispute in this case that unlike one of Scott's great novels, "Esmond" is much better in parts than as a whole, and that the main plot of the story is not quite so *entrainant* as it should be. "Esmond," in short, with all its beauties and supereminent graces of style, cannot be said to represent Thackeray as "Vanity Fair" or "Pendennis" do, while as a tour-de-force it is inferior to "Barry Lyndon."

But "Esmond," after all, in the imagination of most of us for a very long time to come, will remain a moated grange in one of the most secluded and delicious fastnesses of the forest of English literature. The romantic background of Jacobitism and Jesuitry, the darkly-etched beauty of the scene in Kensington and in Castlewood, the perfect symmetry of Beatrix, the bloom of youth on the boyish Lord, Frank (subtly distinguished from his grand nephew, the Harry Warrington of a later tale), and the *naïveté* of the letter announcing his marriage, the superb Duke of Hamilton, St. John in his cups, his smiling Satanic Grace of Marlborough (as Thackeray's fantasy conceived him) and the large-limbed *miles gloriosus*, his would-be rival, the immortal Harry Esmond, his philosophy of Love and War, and his wonderful predictions about America—all these things are much more real than most of the fabric of our historic consciousness. And the ancestors, those Grooms of the Posset in the early chapters, Viscount Thomas and the harridan old Viscountess, are not they perhaps the best of all? The construction of the Esmond pedigree is certainly one of the most solid feats that an historico-genealogical imagination has ever performed.

Castlewood, Walcote, and Kensington, all consecrated by the hand of an artist. The bridge and the elms with the rooks cawing in them, the smith's forge and the ascent to the mansion, the ride through the night by Hounslow and Bagshot, the wonderful composition of the Life of Henry Esmond, his Huguenot foster-parents, the old Jacobite viscount, the Jesuit father-instructor, the troop of dragoons, the new tenants of Castlewood House, and Esmond's growing devotion to my lord and my lady, whose eyes convert him from the sophistical errors of Father Holt, the spell of the growing beauty of Beatrix, the duel between "my lord" and the ill-omened Mohun, the prison, and the long spell of foreign service, Blenheim, Ramillies, and Wynendael, the wits of the town, the Hamilton episode, the frustrate plot in the *bonne cause* — what a background for this emigrant to Virginia to dwell on, as he sits down to recall the storied incidents of the devoted and storm-tost youth of a fine gentleman, who had lived among great personages, in the court that challenged that of Versailles in wit and chivalry, while momentous events were stirring! The dark face and melancholy expression of this sombre cavalier-philosopher contribute to a result that has achieved the acme of picturesque narrative—realised by means of a genius for evoking the colour and perfume of an age essentially *romanesque*, even in its own despite, the cadence of a classical period in English utterance, the beauty of memory from afar, the emotions of a long past spring. The loyalty of the old monarchy, too, and of the old retainer, and the regret and piety of an epoch so soon to pass away for ever with memories that still went back to the first Charles and the first James — before Walpole, and the Whigs, and the foreign line of Kings severed the old England from the land of workshops and smoke, and city pensioners that we know, all have been concentrated into this breathing picture of a bygone era. The rather melancholy portrait in the black oak frame which stands on the line in our gallery of books, as one of "the ancestors," this is our "Esmond." It is not one of the vividest of masters, a Titian or a Rembrandt, which we keep for the end of the hall, and hang over the dais; but it is an exquisite Vandyck, superb in its own kind of grace and fragrance of beauty, which stands in the recess by the oriel window, and which I do not think our descendants will have the heart to move or displace from a prominence and a light it has stood so well.

From the original drawing by C. E. Brock. **Henry Esmond.**

The Colonel, falling back a step, dropped his point.

(Reproduced by the courtesy of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

But even this will sound but cold commendation in the ears of one of Esmond's faithful adorers, who longs to this day to see the marquisate restored to the elder line. To the youth who has lived much alone and courted the dream, as youths of spirit will court it, of intimate converse with the great world, and cutting a figure upon its larger stage, of entertaining a grand passion for a transcendent beauty, and of dazzling the world with wit or benefiting it by the transmission of some great gift to posterity, "Esmond" remains, and will remain, the symbol of the finer spirit of romance and of the beauty that is enshrined nowhere but in memory. By throwing back his romance to a period with which he was so sympathetic as he was, in many if not all particulars, with the age of Anne, Thackeray has spiritualised this dream and environed it for all time with scenery of magical power over the historic imagination.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MAY, 1907.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from Shakespeare applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS of the month is offered for the three best descriptions of Childhood in English poetry.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best list of six quotations from the British poets which most appropriately describe the writers themselves.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

From the original drawing by Du Maurier. **Henry Esmond.**
"How tall thou art grown."
(Reproduced by special permission of Reginald Smith, Esq.)

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

I.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best Shakespearean quotation has been gained by Miss E. M. GLAISTER, Orchardcroft, Darlington.

CHAMPION: THE STORY OF A MOTOR CAR.
BY J. C. DANE.

"Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history . . .
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."
—*As You Like It*, II., 7, 163.

Many excellent quotations were submitted this month, from which we print a selection:

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS. BY T. R. SLICER.

"Be his own carver and cut out his way."
—*Richard II.*, 2, 3, 144.
(M. M. SNOW, West Dulwich.)

"My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh."
—1 *Henry IV.*, 3, 1, 193.
(C. A. KENTMERE, Weybridge.)

THE JOY OF THE ROAD: AN APPRECIATION OF THE MOTOR CAR. BY FILSON YOUNG.

"Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run,
As it were doomsday."
—*Julius Cæsar*, III., 1, 115.
(A. A. ROBINSON, Glengall, Romford.)

CASSELL'S BOOK OF QUOTATIONS.
BY W. GURNEY BENHAM.

"Upon my soul, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth
Shall bring this prize in very easily."
—2 *Henry IV.*, 3, 1, 99.
(A. MILLER, 86, Queen's Road, Hyde Park, Leeds.)

THE OBLIGING HUSBAND. BY FRANK GARRETT.

"You are a tame man, go!"
—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, III., 2, 259.
(ERNEST CALLARD, Balham, S.W.)

RUNNING WATER. BY A. E. W. MASON.

"You have done well by water."
—*Antony and Cleopatra*, II., 6, 89.
(L. A. WILKS, Scarborough.)

THE SUBSTANCE OF FAITH.
BY SIR OLIVER LODGE.

"Here comes Sir Oliver. . . . Sir Oliver, you are well met. . . . Shall we go with you to your chapel?"
—*As You Like It*, III., 3, 64.
(R. F. COBBOLD.)

THE TRIAL OF DEACON BRODIE.

By W. Roughead.

"I have great comfort from this fellow . . .; his complexion is perfect gallows."
—*The Tempest*, I., 1, 30.

(M. E. Hirst, Ruswarp, nr. Whitby.)

II.—The Prize of Three New Novels for the best six quotations from English fiction in praise of tobacco has not been awarded, no competitor having strictly observed the conditions laid down.

III.—A Prize of Half a Guinea for the best three quotations descriptive of Youth, Maturity, and Old Age has been awarded to Miss M. E. Hirst, Ruswarp, near Whitby.

(*a*) YOUTH.

"All we met was fair and good,
And all was good that Time could bring,
And all the secret of the Spring
Moved in the chambers of the blood."
—"In Memoriam," 23, Tennyson.

(*b*) MATURITY.

"As we wax older on this earth,
Till many a toy that charmed us seems
Emptied of beauty, stripped of worth,
And mean as dust and dead as dreams,—
For gauds that perished, shows that passed,
Some recompense the Fates have sent:
Thrice lovelier shine the things that last,
The things that are more excellent."
—"Collected Poems," William Watson.

(*c*) OLD AGE.

"The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made:
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new."
—Edmund Waller.

Admirable quotations were submitted by Stella B. Mouat, Mrs. M. M. Snow, Harriett C. Martin, Edna Smallwood, T. R. Davies, James W. More, Ernest Garner, A. D. Bate, Miss Greaves, M. Whitehead.

IV.—The Prize of a Year's Subscription to The Bookman has been awarded to Miss M. Ruth Ashby, Copse Hill, Scotby, near Carlisle, and Miss Edith Newton, 3, St. John's Terrace, King's Lynn.

From the original drawing by Du Maurier. **Henry Esmond.**

"I am taller than Churchill," he would say, surveying himself in the glass.
(Reproduced by special permission of Reginald Smith, Esq.)

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

"Quick writing does not make good writing; the way to write quickly is to write well"—Quintilian.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

IN dictionaries of quotations many pages are devoted to "Hudibras," while in most of the anthologies you will seek in vain for Butler's name. There is no paradox involved in this, nor any injustice to Butler's undoubted genius. For while it is true, as Johnson says, that "it is scarcely possible to turn a page without finding some association of images that was never found before," it is also true that one may turn most of his pages without discovering a single line of poetry. It is by his wit, and by his wit alone, that Butler holds his unique and unchallenged place in our literature, by his wit that crystallised into hundreds of famous phrases, lines and couplets which for nearly two centuries and a half have attained the rank of household words. While he has therefore no place in the golden pomp of English poetry, Butler's position as a man of letters is as secure to-day as when he leaped into immediate popularity at the Court of Charles II. "Hudibras" has several claims to an enduring fame. As a satirical burlesque it can never be successfully imitated. As well try to imitate Cervantes or Rabelais or Sterne or Carlyle as to imitate "Hudibras." The very qualities which forbid its being classed as poetry protect it alike from imitation and from parody. "It is a kind of artifice which by frequent repetition detects itself; and the reader, learning in time what he is to expect, lays down his book, as the spectator turns away from a second exhibition of those tricks, of which the only use is to show that they can be played." And besides this quality of originality, "Hudibras" remains of permanent value as a brilliant footnote to the history of its author's time. The poem is a magazine of wit, a storehouse of odd and varied learning, but first of all it is the most pungent satire we possess on the defects and excesses of Puritan zeal. And while the Roundheads are the chief targets of his biting and bitter wit, Butler's satire was not the servant of any one party. The admiration of Charles II. was not bought by any servility, and was only possible in the case of a monarch who felt highly flattered by Rochester's compliment that he never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one.

The ascertained facts regarding Butler's life are exceedingly meagre. The son of a Worcestershire farmer, he was born at Strensham in 1612, and was educated at the King's Free School, Worcester. At an early age he became clerk to various local justices of the peace, and acquired a sound knowledge of the law, as is shown by his dexterous use of legal phraseology in his verses. One of his employers was Sir Samuel Luke, a Colonel in the Parliamentary army, and it was during his residence with him that Butler made the close study of Puritan types which served as the material for "Hudibras." Later he entered the service of the Countess of Kent in the capacity of steward, and here he met her legal adviser, the great antiquary, Selden, and enjoyed the use of a well-stocked library. In 1660 he was made secretary to the Earl of Carbery, Lord President of Wales, by whom he was later appointed steward of Ludlow Castle. In 1663 he was in London, and in that year was published the first part of "Hudibras," after he had already been forestalled by a pirate-

publisher. Its success was immediate, and Butler's admirers were headed by Charles himself, who did it the honour of constant quotation. Of the popularity of the book we have the naïve testimony of Mr. Samuel Pepys, who entirely failed to see its wit. So displeased was Mr. Pepys with it that he sold his copy to a gentleman for eighteenpence, thereby losing a shilling on the transaction; but finding that "Hudibras" was still the talk of the town, he had to go to the expense of buying a second copy. When the second part of the poem was published in the following year, Mr. Pepys tried first to borrow it and then to read it free of charge from a bookstall. But fashion was against him, and Mr. Pepys had nothing for it but buy the book, still protesting, "I cannot, I confess, see where the wit lies." Butler not unreasonably entertained hopes of royal preferment. There is a rumour of a gift of three hundred pounds, but the other claims on the royal purse make it more likely that Charles's appreciation began and ended with quotation. Contemporary allusions are unanimous on this point. Dryden and Otway and Aubrey confirm the truth of Oldham's lines:—

"Of all his gains by verse he could not save
Enough to purchase flannel and a grave."

In 1680 Butler died in London apparently in extreme poverty, and was buried in St. Paul's, Covent Garden. The neglect displayed by the Court, though it stands out in strange distinction to its appreciation of Butler's literary genius, cannot well be termed ingratitude. For "Hudibras" did not appear till after the Restoration, when the King was in no need of a literary champion, and the most skilful advocate could not represent Butler as a panegyrist of royalty. It would be nearer the mark to say that it was only the King's unkinglike sense of humour and serene disregard for his own reputation that saved Butler from the pillory or the stocks.

The greatest tribute to Butler's peculiar genius is the manner in which he carried to success an apparently hopeless design. A worse plot than that of "Hudibras" it is impossible to conceive, although, as the poem is only a fragment, it is not strictly permissible to criticise its structure. Sir Hudibras (a name borrowed from "The Faerie Queen") is Don Quixote as Ralpho is Sancho Panza, and Butler essays to describe his knight and squire setting out to tilt at all the abuses which were the objects of Puritan resentment and zeal. Butler, however, as did Henry Fielding at a later time, failed in the attempt to anglicise the Don. Sir Hudibras is consequently an impossible character, knight-errant, Puritan, and foolish zealot. It would almost seem as if Butler had missed the "true pathos and sublime" of the great and gallant Don, who is certainly the most pathetic figure in all imaginative literature. To travesty "Don Quixote" is a kind of literary blasphemy, and it is difficult not to feel for any one attempting it the indignation we should all entertain for the cartoonist who would make a jest of the Sistine Madonna. Inevitably and deservedly Butler failed. Considered merely as a story "Hudibras" is a tissue of inconsistencies. While Butler's object is to crown his characters with ridicule, he endows them at the same time with his own superb wit.

Dr. Tusher.

From a drawing by T. H. Robinson.

(Reproduced from "The History of Henry Esmond," by kind permission of Mr. Geo. Allen.)

The tripping octosyllabic measure was not the discovery of Butler, but no one before or since has turned it to such mock-heroic effect. In the matter of rhymes he is a law unto himself, and he can provoke laughter by the dexterous use of a false accent:—

"For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit:
'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks.
. . . .
Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
By damning those they have no mind to:
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipped God for spite,
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for;
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow:
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin:
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with minc'd pies and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum porridge."

Henry Esmond.

From a drawing by T. H. Robinson.

"And so my lord was carried to a surgeon."

(Reproduced from "The History of Henry Esmond," by kind permission of Mr. Geo. Allen.)

Any one page of "Hudibras" is nearly as good as another. Open it where we will, we find the same astonishing verbal dexterity, the same shrewd satire, the same lightly-borne learning. Although Butler is generally regarded as the author of but this one poem, he is really seen to better advantage in his short satire on the Royal Society, "The Elephant in the Moon." There he is not handicapped by a borrowed and unsuitable plot, but tells in his own inimitable way, how the savants, looking through a telescope at the moon, witnessed a terrific battle between two lunar armies, and how hostilities were at length suspended as a prodigious elephant ran amok across the plain. The mortification of the savants is finely described when it was discovered that a mouse and a swarm of gnats had taken refuge inside the telescope. Here and there we find passages in Butler which suggest that he might have earned distinction as a poet in other fields than burlesque. His is the simile—

"True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shin'd upon,"

and the lines on marriage, with a conceit after the manner of Donne:—

"What security's too strong
To guard that gentle heart from wrong,
That to its friend is glad to pass
Itself away, and all it has,
And like an anchorite, gives over
This world for the heaven of a lover."

less fantastic and more poetical is the fine description of the moon:—

"The sun grew low, and left the skies,
Put down, some write, by ladies' eyes;
The moon pulled off her veil of light,
That hides her face by day from sight,
Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
That's both her lustre and her shade."

"Hudibras" is essentially an occasional, not a general, satire. It does not pierce to the bedrock of human character, but plays lightly over the superficial follies of a passing day. An extraordinary metrical feat, it is less a poem than a valuable historical document written by a learned, cynical and keen-eyed observer. For Butler's own countrymen the poem requires copious annotation. His foreign critics, like M. Taine, have seen in it "neither art, nor harmony, nor good-taste," but only clumsy buffoonery. "How low is the wit, with what awkwardness and dulness he dilutes his revengeful satire. . . . No action, no simplicity, all is would-be satire and gross caricature; the Puritan style is converted into an absurd gibberish, and the engalled rancour, missing its aim by its mere excess, spoils the portrait it wishes to draw." The loose structure of the poem is of undeniable advantage to the reader, inasmuch as it permits one to cut and come again. To read "Hudibras" at a stretch would be as productive of pleasure as watching a clever acrobat for a long summer day. Wit is a stimulant that is best administered in small doses, and an over-draught of "Hudibras" is likely to set us thinking with Pope that—

"Works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood."

J. H. Lobban.

From the drawing by Du Maurier. **Beatrix.**

(Reproduced from the Biographical Edition of "Henry Esmond," by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

Texts recommended:—

Hudibras. With Variorum Notes. Two vols. 5s. (Bell.)

Hudibras. Morley's Univ. Library. 2s. (Routledge.)

Butler's Poems. Aldine Poets. (Bell.)

THE EARLY CORRESPONDENCE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

A CRITICISM OF DATES IN PRINCE LABANOFF'S FIRST VOLUME.

By Jane T. Stoddart.

EVERY student of the early history of Mary Queen of Scots must gratefully acknowledge help received from the first forty-six pages of Prince Labanoff's collection of letters. We have within this limit fifteen letters from the child-Queen, and three from one of the best letter-writers of the sixteenth century, her uncle Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine. It is greatly to be regretted that Prince Labanoff, owing, no doubt, to the immense extent of ground he covered—the entire correspondence of Mary's life—did not furnish annotations to the early letters, such as those which make M. Guiffrey's "Lettres Inédites de Dianne de Poytiers" one of the most precious contributions to the history of the period.

A comparison of the work of these two eminent scholars is highly instructive. Many of Diane's letters are, like Mary's, undated, but M. Guiffrey does not fix their place without explanation. If no date is given, he prefaces the supposed year with a mark of interrogation, and in long, careful notes he explains his reasons. The reader is left to form his own judgment, with the assistance of the notes, and the result is that the author's opinion on the letters has never been seriously challenged. His book was published in 1866, and in 1904 Professor Lemonnier (author of Vol. V. in the Lavisse History of France) named it as among the most valuable sources for the reign of Henry II.

French and English writers on Mary's girlhood have accepted Prince Labanoff's dates as accurate, but I hope to show that in one case certainly, and in another probably, he fixed upon a wrong year. Except where the date is clearly indicated by the internal evidence of the letter, I should hesitate to accept his decision in other doubtful cases.

Two of Mary's undated letters can be placed at once, as Prince Labanoff saw, in their right month and year. One is the short note which announces the approaching baptism at Meudon of her cousin, Charles, son of the Duke of Guise, in April, 1554. The other mentions as a recent event the wedding of Francis de Montmorency with Madame de Castres, and as this took

place on May 4th, 1557, it is safe to put the letter in that month and year.

The Cardinal of Lorraine was accustomed to give the full date of every letter, and to name the place from which he wrote it, yet singularly enough, it is a mistake of Prince Labanoff in dating the third of his letters in this volume which has misled so many historians. I refer to the letter written at Villers-Cotterets on "April 8th, 1556," which ought undoubtedly to read 1556-57.

A la Reine Douairière d'Ecosse.

De Villers-Cotterets, le 8 avril, 1556.

Madame, j'ay receu les lettres qu'il vous a pleu m'escripre du premier et x^e^ de mars. Ayant esté très aise d'avoir par icelles cogneu vostre bonne santé, je ne vous y feray autre response, ayant bien amplement instruict et informé Dufautray de toutes noz nouvelles et occurrences, et de ce qu'il m'a semblé vous debvoir faire entendre de l'estat des affaires qui se présentent, mesmes de ce qui touche vostre service; l'ayant aussy chargé de vous faire entendre des nouvelles de monsieur mon frère, lequel et mes autres frères, par les dernières nouvelles que nous en avons eues, sont en très bonne santé. Ilz faisoient marcher le camp pour aller en l'Abrusse qui est une des provinces du royaulme de Naples. De ce qui surviendra vous en serez toujours advertye; saichant bien, Madame, que ce vous est grand plaisir d'en entendre de bonnes nouvelles.

Je m'en vois jusques à Reims, où je trouveray madame nostre mère, et seray de retour en ceste compaignie incontinent après Pasques. Ma dicte dame notre mère viendra aussy à Nanthueil pour veoir madame ma seur qui y est, et se trouver auprès d'elle quant elle accouchera, qui sera bientost. . . .

He then brings in the oft-quoted references to the illness of Madame de Paroy, Queen Mary's governess, mentioning that she is suffering from dropsy, and is not likely to live long. After closing the dictated portion of his letter, he adds the following important paragraphs in his own writing:—

Madame, je vous supplie ne point perdre l'anvye de venir icy, car il est plus que nécessaire. Je vous manderay par Dufaultray toutes choses au long; mais surtout il faut veoir quant le Roy d'Angleterre partira, et quelle conclusion il aura faict avec sa femme.

Madame, quant à Madame de Parroys, elle se voudra retirer; et quant la maladie ne l'eust contraint nous espérions bien, à vostre venue, que vous ne la luy laisseriez. Elle est fame de bien, maiz et vous et toute vostre race luy seront à jamais mal attenuz, et si a cuidé couster la vie à la Royne vostre fille qui en a extrêmement et sagemant enduré tant que elle et moy avons pansé qu'il ne fust sceu, mais à la fin le tamps a découvert tant de choses qui n'est plus possible les porter.

Le Roy et la Royne désirent bien luy veoir une dame d'honneur de qualité; et m'a dit le Roy que puisque cest hiver il délibère la marier—chose dont je ne doute si vous venez mais si vous ne veniez je ne le puis croire—il voudroit que madame la Maréchalle de La Marche, comtesse de Brêne, la fut. Il dict qu'il ne luy espargnera une bonne pansion pour luy faire accepter. La Royne le desire encore plus; et aussi la Royne vostre fille; mais madame nostre mère vous an mandera son opinion; car ils la veullent françoise et n'est raisonnable [ne] les complaire. Je croy que il ne s'en pourroit trouver de plus propre ni de meilleure maison; vous entendrez tout par Dufaultray et en ordonnerez.

Quant à Monsieur d'Oisel, il n'i a eu ordre pour ceste heure; mais je pense assuremant que le Roy, à vostre venue, ne vous en refuseroyt. Il fault y aller ung peu doucement.

Ce sera bien faict, pour guarder les status, que vous commendiez que les héritiers du comte d'Angous renvoyent le collier de deçà.

Vous avez veu, madame, ce que la Royne vostre fille et moy vous avons escript de Chantilly touchant les biens du Comte d'Angous, dont nous ne vous ferons reditte. Bien vous assurerè-ge, madame, que n'est rien plus beau ne plus honneste que la Royne vostre fille, et si est fort dévote. Elle gouverne le Roy et la Royne. Monsieur n'est point encores en ceste court, mais il y viendra après ces Pasques. Nous le tenons pour fort bien guéri.—Votre très humble et très obéissant frère,

C. Cardinal de Lorraine.

Reasons for Assigning this Letter to 1557, not 1556.

(1) The day of the month is in itself conclusive. Easter Day, in 1556, fell on April 5th; in 1557 it fell on April 18th. Now the Cardinal's letter was written before Easter, as we see from the sentence: "I am going to Reims, where I shall meet our mother, and I shall be back in this company immediately after Easter."

It was the Cardinal's custom, as we learn from the Venetian ambassador, Soranzo, to withdraw from court each year as Easter approached, to retire to a religious house and give himself to devotional exercises. He preached Lenten courses of sermons in Reims Cathedral when State business permitted. This letter was written on the Thursday before Holy Week, on the eve of his departure for his diocese.

Why was Prince Labanoff misled with so clear a sentence before him? Probably because, while noting that the new year, according to the old style, began on March 25th,* he did not realise that this was not a hard and fast rule in France in the sixteenth century, and that Easter is the date from which the new year is frequently reckoned. Letters of Diane de Poitiers, which in the original are dated April 4 and April 12, and which clearly belong to 1552, are headed by M. Guiffrey 1551-52.†

(2) The letter must belong to April, 1557, because of the sentence alluding to the Duke of Guise's expedition to Italy. The Cardinal says he has instructed Dufautray, whom he is sending to Scotland, "to give you news of monsieur my brother, who is in very good health, according to the latest news we have received, and my other brothers also. They were moving the camp to go into the Abruzzi, which is one of the provinces of the kingdom of Naples."

The Duke of Guise left court on November 16th, 1556, on his unfortunate Italian venture. Dr. Wotton, writing on November 17th, says:—"Yesterday the Duke of Guise took leave for Piedmont, accompanied by his two brothers, the Duke of Aumale, the Marquis d'Elbœuf, the Duke of Nemours, and others."‡ In the last days of December the Duke, with his army, crossed the Alps. At the beginning of Lent, 1557, he reached Rome, where a month was wasted. His delay in marching towards Naples caused surprise and doubt at home. On April 27th, Dr. Wotton writes: "The Venetian Ambassador says that it is concluded that the Duke of Guise shall invade Naples, and that by this time the army has marched."§ This information,

* Vol. I. Preface, p. 15.

† In J. J. Bond's "Handy Book for Verifying Dates" (1866 edition, pp. 21, 22) it is stated that in different districts of France the year began at different dates, 25th March, Christmas Day, Easter Eve, and 1st January.

‡ Foreign Calendar. Mary. p. 276.

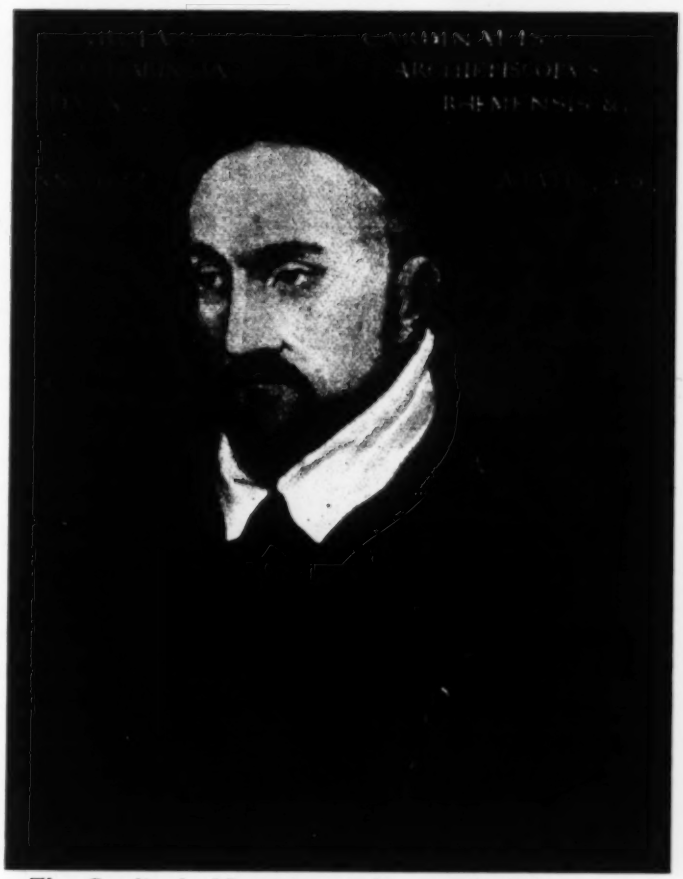
§ Foreign Calendar. Mary. p. 298.

supplied by Wotton a week after Easter, corresponds with that which was known to the Cardinal ten days before the close of Lent. In April, 1556, the Truce of Vaucelles was still unbroken, and the Duke of Guise was in France.

(3) The autograph sentence in which Philip of Spain is alluded to confirms the date I have given, "I shall inform you through Dufaultray of everything at length; but, above all, we must see when the King of England will start, and what arrangement he will have made with his wife." Philip's stay in England in 1557 lasted nearly four months (March 18th—July 3rd). "The immediate object of his visit—to induce Mary to join him in his impending war with France—was one in favour of which his arguments might well appear irresistible."*

(4) At the end of the letter the Cardinal says: "Monsieur [the Dauphin] is not yet in this court, but he will come after Easter. We consider that he is thoroughly cured."

The Dauphin Francis had been seriously ill in the autumn of 1556.† On May 6th, 1557, Dr. Wotton writes: "The Dauphin has come to court, apparently well recovered."‡



The Cardinal of Lorraine at the age of 48 (two years before his death).

(Specially photographed for this article from the portrait in the Hôtel de Ville at Rheims.)

Conclusions from the Change of Date.

If we assign this important document to April 8th, 1557, two deductions follow; first, that Mary's governess, Madame de Paroy, against whom such bitter complaint is made by the young Queen in her letters to her mother, remained in her service until less than a year before her marriage; second, that Henry II. did not propose to marry his twelve-year-old son to a fourteen-year-old bride in the winter of 1556-7. On the latter point there has been great misunderstanding; and this, as it seems to me, makes it not altogether a matter of trivial importance for the student to have the date of the letter set right. The Cardinal mentions that the King had told him he proposed to marry Mary this winter, *i.e.*, in the winter of 1557-58, and as a matter of fact, she was married at the end of that winter, in April, 1558.

But even such well-informed writers as Mr. Henderson and Baron de Ruble have assumed that the King meant the marriage to be a year earlier. Mr. Henderson says*: "At last, on April 8th, 1556, the Cardinal of Lorraine informed his sister of the King's intention that her daughter should be married during the coming winter."

Baron de Ruble says†: "Henry II. was in haste to attach the beautiful Mary Stuart and the Kingdom of Scotland to the crown of France by an indissoluble bond. In 1556 he decided to marry her; Mary of Lorraine announced that she was coming. But the Dauphin was only thirteen [he was born in 1544], Mary Stuart only fourteen; the union seemed premature." M. de Ruble gives the Cardinal's letter as the authority for his statement. He cannot have read it very closely.

A Doubtfully Dated Letter of Mary.

I venture with more hesitation to challenge the date affixed by Prince Labanoff to the following letter, which in his collection is the second of those addressed by Queen Mary to her mother.

Sans date (1552).

Madame j'é resceu les lettres qu'il vous a pleu m'escrire par Artus Asquin par léquèles j'ay veu l'ayse que aviés de ce que je tiens les choses qu'il vous plaist me mander secrètes; je vous puis asseurer, Madame, que rien qui viendra de vous ne sera sceu par moy; au demeurant je suis fort aise de ce que avés trouvé bon les propos que j'é tenu à l'Abbé de Quélouin, et quant à ce que avés fait au conte de Hontelé, il me semble que avés très bien fait et mesmes de ce que voulés faire justice, car à ce que je puis entendre, il en ont un bon besoin; je suis bien ayse de ce que avés trouvé moyen de aucmenter vostre couronne. J'escris présentement à Monsieur d'Oysel pour le remersier dé bons services qu'il vous a fait et fait encores de jour en jour, et lui mande comme j'é parlé au Roy pour trouver bon qu'il prist l'estat de chevalier d'honneur; le quel me respondit comme verrés par les dites lettres que j'écris à Monsieur d'Oysel, car ils sont ouvertes dans votre paccuet, affin que les voyés premier si sont bien selon votre voulonté;

* Cambridge Modern History. Vol. II., p. 545.

† See the Cardinal's letter to his sister of October 2, 1556. "Papal Negotiations," edited by Father Pollen. p. 423.

‡ Foreign Calendar. Mary. p. 303.

* Mary Queen of Scots. Vol. I., p. 96.

† La Première Jeunesse de Marie Stuart. p. 147.

je les ay montrés à Monsieur de Guise, mon oncle, lequel les a bien trouvés.

Madame j'é entendu par les gens de mon cousin le conte de Chateleraut que son père me vouloit envoïer un gentillome qui m'aporteroit quelques bagues à sès pâques, toutesfois je n'en suis pas sertaine. Je vous prie très humblement croir que je ne fauderés d'obéir à tous ceus qu'il vous plest me commander et pancer que le plus grand desir que je aye en ce monde est de vous être agréable et très obéissante, vous faisant tous les services qui me sera possible, comme je suis tennue. J'ay veu par vos lettres que me priés de trouver bon le don du mariage de feu monsieur d'Asquin à son fils qui est issi. Je vous suplie très humblement ne me parlés jamais que par vos bons commandemens comme à votre très humble et très obéissante fille et servante, car autrement je ne panseroys avoir sest heur d'être en votre bonne grâce. Quant à mon maistre, je fairés comme me mendés. J'ay montré les lettres qu'il vous a pleu m'escrire à mon oncle Monsieur de Guise, pansant bien que le voudriés ainsi; toutefois pour le commandement que me faisiés, je ne l'eusse montrée n'eust été la peur que j'avoye de ne pouvoir bien démesler ses affaires sans son aide. Je vous escris encores deus lettres de ma main, l'eune touschant Madame de Paroys et l'autre pour mon maître, affin que puissiés montrer selle de mon dit maytre sans seste ici, affin que on ne pance que m'en ayés rien mandé. Au demeurant je ne vous diray sinon que je pense que mon oncle, Monsieur le Cardinal de Lorraine, sera issi dans un moys ou trois semaines. Je ne vous manderois rien davantage pour ce que mon oncle Monsieur de Guise m'a dit qui vous ecrit du demeurant bien au longue. Je vous eusse bien écrit en chifre, mais mon secrétaire m'a dit qu'il n'en estoit jà besoin et que lui mesmes vous y écriroit en chiffre. J'écris aussi une lettre à mon frère bastard selon l'advis de mon oncle Monsieur de Guise; les dites lettres seront ouvertes afin que lui baillés, si sont bien à votre gré. Je vous ay souvent écrit vous supliant hauser les gâges de mes fames de chambre et de mon valet de chambre Gillebert, et de mon tailleur Nicolas; ils m'ont prié vous en ramantevoir; qui sera l'endroit où je vous remersirés très humblement de la painture; la Royne en a esté fort aise; mais elle en vouldroit bien en avoir une qui fust aschevée du tout; je me suis faite forte que lui en envoiriés bientost une autre mieus faite et qui sera du tout aschevée. Me recommandant très humblement à vostre bonne grace, je prierés Dieu vous donner, Madame, en longue santé très heureuse et longue vie.

Vostre très humble et très obéissante fille, MARIE.

Madame, vous m'escuserés s'il vous plest de ce que j'écris si mal, car je avois grande haste.

Au dos: A la Royne ma mère.

Difficulties of the Date "1552."

(1) One important clue in this letter is Mary's statement that she had shown her mother's letters to the Duke of Guise, that he had advised her about replies, and would himself write to his sister. The year 1552, it must be remembered, was one of the busiest in the Duke's life. From the middle of August till the end of December he was shut up in Metz, and can have had no direct personal communication with his niece. He was in touch by letter with the King and his family during the siege, but it is personal intercourse and counsel to which the Queen here refers. Between April and August, except for a short interval of repose at Joinville, the Duke was moving about with the army on the eastern frontier. We may fairly assume, therefore, that if the year is 1552, Mary must have shown him the letters before April.

(2) Her own remark that she had heard that the Duke of Châtelherault was to send her some jewels, "à ses pâques," "at this Easter," shows that the letter must have been written in the spring. March, 1552, is impossible, for in that month Catherine de' Medici was dangerously ill at Joinville, where she was nursed by Diane de Poitiers. Mary mentions the pleasure with which Catherine had received a portrait of Mary of Guise, and her wish to have a better one.

Ten months of the year 1552 are thus accounted for. Was the letter written in January or February? I think it is unlikely, because Mary speaks of letters of thanks she was writing to M. d'Oysel, and he was leaving Scotland in February, 1552. On February 14th the Queen Dowager wrote to Edward VI., accrediting to him the Sieur d'Oysel, lieutenant of the King of France in Scotland.*

(3) It must strike the hastiest reader that this letter is very long and carefully expressed for a child of ten, and that the other letters written by Mary about the same time are much shorter and simpler. On this point Miss Strickland says: "It was morally as well as physically impossible, precocious though she were in understanding, for the little Queen to have written such a letter, unassisted by a governess or preceptor, and indeed without their privity, at so tender an age. Besides, it is clearly, from the circumstances to which it refers, written in the second year of the Regency of Mary of Lorraine, 1555." Miss Strickland gives no further reasons for her choice, though there is little doubt, I think, that she has named the year rightly. Her opinion is unfortunately of slight value, as she understood French very imperfectly, and her translations from this letter, as in so many of her quotations from the Labanoff "Recueil," are full of inaccuracies. For instance, she translates "à ses pâques," "in his packages."

Miss Strickland concocts out of this letter a wholly imaginary contest between Mary and her uncle Francis, Duke of Guise. The passage is ingeniously mistranslated. Miss Strickland says: "She mentions, though very guardedly, something like a contest between her and her warrior uncle, Francis of Guise, who insisted on seeing her mother's private letters to herself. "I have shown," says she, "the letters you were pleased to write me to my uncle, Monsieur de Guise, perceiving plainly that he would make me do so, notwithstanding the commands that were given me. I would not have shown them to him if I had not been afraid of meddling in that business without his aid." The passage, in the original French, is printed above, and the meaning is this: "I have shown the letters which you have been pleased to write me to my uncle, Monsieur de Guise, for I thought that you would wish it so [pansant bien que le voudriés ainsi]. Because of the command you had laid upon me,† however, I would not have shown them had I not been afraid that I could not understand [literally: disentangle] these affairs without his help."

Reasons for placing this Letter in 1555.

The following are the chief reasons, in my opinion, for placing this letter, not in 1552, but in the spring of 1555.

* Bain's Scottish Calendar. Vol I., p. 189.

† That Mary should keep to herself information received from her mother. This did not apply, as the Queen naturally assumed, to her uncles of Guise.

(1) The mention of the letters sent from the Queen-mother through Artus Asquin (Arthur Erskine), reminds us that in October, 1554, Mary of Guise had written to the Queen of England requesting passports for Arthur Erskine and John Fleming, with six companions, through England to France and back—to endure for a year.* Arthur Erskine may therefore in all probability have been at the French court in the spring of 1555.

(2) The best clue, I think, lies in the reference to Huntly. Mary writes: "As for what you have done to the Earl of Huntly it seems to me that you have done very well, and even in your determination to do justice, for as far as I can learn, they need it badly. I am very glad that you have found means to increase your power."

Huntly's disgrace and imprisonment date from the summer of 1554, after he had failed to crush the rebels of the Clan Ranald under John of Moydart. The full facts with regard to Huntly's fall are not very clear, but on January 27th, 1554-55, Dr. Wotton wrote from Poissy, "The Earl of Huntly is said to be very straitly imprisoned."* This expression would fit in well with Mary's letter if we assign it to the spring of 1555, for it shows what was believed in France. The allusion to "doing justice" no doubt refers to Mary of Guise's determination to put down the Highland rebels, to which frequent reference is made by historians at this time. It can hardly refer to her dealings with the Borderers, as Huntly's expedition had been against the Clan Ranald. It may also be suggested that the expression "de aucmenter vostre couronne" seems to imply that Mary of Guise was already Regent, and she did not attain this position till April 12th, 1554.

(3) Mary mentions that she has written her mother a separate letter about her governess, Madame de Paroy. There is no reason to suppose that any complaints about this lady had arisen in 1552, only a few months after her appointment. The Cardinal of Lorraine praises her highly in 1553. Though there is nothing to show that the letter about Madame de Paroy contained complaints from her royal pupil, the fact that she is mentioned in this mysterious way indicates that this communication should perhaps be fitted into the correspondence after 1554, when the quarrelling had begun.

(4) The reference to the absence of the Cardinal of Lorraine, who is expected "in a month or three weeks," gives us no help. He was probably at Reims, on one of his Lenten visits. Had there been any signs pointing to the spring of 1556 as the date, Mary might have had in mind his expected return from his winter in Italy, but the evidence in other paragraphs does not seem to bear out this conjecture.

(5) It may be noted that d'Oysel had returned from France to Scotland early in 1554,* and had an interview with Mary Tudor about January 12th. The references in this letter to the good services he had rendered may well apply to the help he had given the Queen-Dowager during the first anxious year of her Regency in Scotland.

(6) The reference to the jewels to be sent by Châtelherault to the Queen reminds us that in the summer of 1556 Châtelherault sent Sir James Hamilton, a gentleman of his house, to Mary with the jewels, which he had retained till then. Mary's receipt is dated June 3rd, 1556. It is given, with a list of the jewels, in Joseph Robertson's "Inventaires de la Royne Descosse" (Bannatyne Club, pp. 3-6), and also in the Manuscripts of the Duke of Hamilton (Hist. MSS. Com., Eleventh Report, Appendix, Part VI.), pp. 41-42

* Bain. Scottish Calendar. Vol. I., p. 195.
† Foreign Calendar. Mary. p. 151.

* Bain. Scottish Calendar. Vol. I., p. 194.

EARTH'S IMMORTALITIES.

I.

No more, proud singers, boast no more!
Your high immortal throne
Will scarce outlast a king's!
Time is a sea that knows no shore
Wherein Death idly flings
Your fame like some small pebble-stone
That sinks to rise no more.
Then boast no more, proud singers,
Your high immortal throne!

II.

This earth, this little grain of dust
Drifting amongst the stars
With her invisible wars,
Her love, her hate, her lust;
This microscopic ball
Whereof you scan a part so small
Outlasts but little even your own poor dust.
Then boast no more, proud singers,
Your high immortal throne!

III.

That golden spark of light must die
Which now you call your sun:
Soon will its race be run
Around its trivial sky!
What hand shall then unroll
Dead Maro's little golden scroll
When earth and sun in one wide charnel lie?
Boast no more, proud singers;
Your high immortal throne
Will scarce outlast a king's!

Alfred Noyes.

New Books.

LITERATURE AND LIFE.*

This is a learned and interesting but most unsatisfactory contribution to an important subject. Its purpose is, the author tells us, "to examine and set forth the ever-developing character of the Englishman in the successive ages of his early career until modern life begins, together with the corresponding development of political and social life which determines and, at the same time, is determined by it." This, the opening sentence, is an excellent illustration both of the author's style and of the manner in which he approaches and treats his theme: it is partly unintelligible and partly misleading. Whether the antecedent of "it" be "the character of the Englishman," "political and social life," or "modern life," the meaning is equally difficult or rather hopeless to decipher. The book closes with the age of Chaucer, and to say, as Dr. Dale says, that modern life begins with the conclusion of the fourteenth century is true in no conceivable sense. Dr. Dale, with very odd candour, tells us in the preface that his work "has had far more influence upon him than he has had upon the book." Certainly every chapter in it proves how accurately Dr. Dale has taken the measure of his own deficiencies. Curran once compared the speech of a brother advocate to what he called that familiar domestic utensil, an extinguisher; it went on broadening and broadening till it finally put the question out altogether and left everything in the dark. Dr. Dale is very far from leaving everything in the dark, but his narrative in every chapter wanders so extravagantly, and is so loaded with irrelevancies that it is often very difficult to discern its bearing on his theme. He has, we should imagine, accumulated a vast mass of material, collected probably for the Paper on the Influence of the School of York and for the work subsequently contemplated by him on the Inner Life. Thought and Influence of the Early English Church, "which came to nothing," and this material, together with much more miscellaneously raked together, he has shot into the present work by what Carlyle calls the simple but familiar process of tilting the cart.

Now Dr. Dale must forgive us for saying that this is not quite respectful to the public, and that it savours of what is not usually associated either with writers who have just pretensions to be regarded as scholars, or with the publications appearing under the sanction of University Presses: it savours of book-making and of nothing higher. Let us turn to the book itself. On page 4 we find this paragraph:—

"Passionate cravings, insatiate lust, brutal ferocity, treachery, revengefulness, unreliability (!), improvidence, childishness everywhere lie side by side with staunchest devotion, loyalty, self-sacrifice, heroism, wisdom, caution, and often the accidents of circumstance or the wayward fancies of the moment decide which rises uppermost. . . . Such is the deposit of the past, such the material from which the future Englishman is to be evolved."

Dr. Dale then proceeds to pour out of his commonplace books illustrations of all this, and in these illustrations we are to see the mirror of national life and character. Of what community of human beings who were ever created would these features not be characteristic in any stage in their progress? It would be as absurd to suppose that a man who compiled out of current literature a series of examples illustrating human conduct in its various phases was presenting us with a mirror of national life and character, as it would be to suppose that a writer who dealt with the past on such a principle was presenting us with a mirror of national life in that past. The business of the historian of life and character is not with what is common to all ages and peoples, but with what differentiates and with what is peculiar. The English people were the result of the amalgamation of nations, each of which presented distinctive idiosyncrasies—Celts, the tribes of which the Angles and Saxons were perhaps the most important, Danes, and Normans. To seize and define those idiosyncrasies, regarding them first in singularity, and then as modified by amalgamation, was obviously the first business of a writer who undertakes what Dr. Dale here undertakes. It may be sufficient to remark that of the Celts as racial factors he says practically nothing, and on what differentiates the others he is equally silent. He does, however, recognise the importance of the influence exercised by the introduction of Christianity, and this is the best chapter in his book, prolix and indiscriminating though it be. What we miss, however, is a precise and lucid view of what the virtues and vices characteristic of Paganism exhibited and accomplished before all became transformed by the new power.

In the chapters dealing with the Anglo-Saxons many most interesting particulars—the result, plainly, of much honest research, and not merely the *crambe repetita* now so familiar to us in current monographs—are brought together, and Dr. Dale deserves full credit for his industry. His account, however, of the general condition of the Anglo-Saxons immediately before the Conquest, of the reasons of their decadence, and of the extent to which it had spread, is anything but satisfactory. His portrait of Alfred, on whose character he should have laid the greatest stress as summing up and focussing, as it were, all that was noblest and best in the old English temper and genius, is singularly colourless and tame. Whenever Dr. Dale has an opportunity of concentrating and bringing his theme home, as in analysing the character of this the most comprehensively representative hero he had, he always misses it: it is the same with his account of Beowulf, pre-eminently a type, and yet nothing typical is discriminated. A painfully elaborate analysis of the poem is substituted for what the poem ought simply to illustrate. Of the different stages attained in ethical and political progress, of the suspensions or acceleration of that progress, and of the reasons for such retardment or furtherance, we have practically no indications. Throughout the whole work, indeed, Dr. Dale seems to be hovering uncertain between three designs—a general history, a social history, and miscellaneous ana, all of them no doubt reflecting features in national life and character: but in a mirror so composite and unsteady these features are apt to become not merely blurred, but distorted.

We commend Dr. Dale for his industry; we respect him for his really solid erudition, but we should not be doing our duty if we did not insist on the distinction between mere compilation and a legitimate contribution to history, and if we did not warn our readers against expecting too much from an imposing title-page.

J. Churton Collins.

* "National Life and Character in the Mirror of Early English Literature." By Edmund Dale, M.A., D.Lit. 8s. net. (Cambridge: at the University Press.)

EYES AND EARS.*

There is no man living at the present day (or, if there is, we do not know him) who has a lighter or a more engaging touch in the matter of reminiscences than Mr. George Russell. He is sprung from that "sacred circle of the great-grandmotherhood," the Whigs, and the Whigs, as he himself tells us, considered themselves the right shop for manners. Little did they suspect, when Mr. Russell was born, that there had come amongst them a child who would on a future day record their little foibles, their tricks of manner, their habit of regarding the world, and their methods of pronunciation for the amusement of posterity. Mr. Russell remembers an individual great-grandmother, "who said that she 'lay' at a place when she meant that she had slept there, and spoke of 'using the potticary' when we should speak of sending for the doctor." Some of his relations also, when they were much obliged, said they were much "obleeged." This form, however, lasted until comparatively recent years. We have ourselves heard it from the lips of Wilkie Collins, who was also accustomed, as we remember, to say "railly" when he meant really. But all these are gone with the other cheerful and stately archaisms enumerated by Mr. Russell, with "goold" and "yaller" and "laylock" and "cowcumber."

Mr. Russell has, however, qualifications even higher than those due to his Whig origin. He is a man of the world, and he has kept an observant eye, *non sine risu*, on his fellow-men. His pen is bright and sharp, and, though he never dips it in gall, he causes it to make excellent fun for

* "Seeing and Hearing." By George W. E. Russell. 7s. 6d. net. (E. Grant Richards.)

his fortunate readers. Since James Payn wrote his last essay, there has been no one who combined ease and certainty with literary discursiveness and charm in the same measure as Mr. Russell. He has "ridden" in the gorgeous barouches of the great, and has watched the broad and impassive backs of high-souled coachmen, and their curled wigs, now all but vanished into the limbo of forgotten things. He has been a Parliament man, and has held converse with statesmen, and watched at close quarters their manœuvres and their conflicts. He is, in fact, a destined *chroniqueur*, and in this book he fulfils his destiny.

Mr. Russell can make even such subjects as "Dinners" and "Mourning" cheerful. Of Cardinal Wiseman he relates:—"I remember that his Life, by Mr. Wilfred Ward, records the dismay with which his 'maigre' fare inspired more ascetic temperaments. 'He kept the table of a Roman Cardinal, and surprised some Puseyite guests by four courses of fish in Lent.' There is something very touching in the exculpatory language of his friend and disciple, Father Faber:—'The dear Cardinal had a lobster-salad side to his character.'" Our warmest thanks are due to Mr. Russell for rescuing that inimitable phrase from obscurity. Then there is the memorable dinner of Lord Palmerston. Says Mr. Russell, "Mr. John Evelyn Denison (afterwards Lord Eversley) was Speaker of the House of Commons in 1865, and on the eve of the opening of the Session he dined, according to custom, with Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister and Leader of the House. Lord Palmerston was in his eighty-first year and gouty. Political issues of the gravest importance hung on his life. The Speaker, like a rusé old politician as he was, kept a cold grey eye on Palmerston's performance at dinner, regarding it, rightly, as an index to his state of health; and this was what he reported about his host's capacites:—'His dinner consisted of turtle soup, fish, patties, fricandeau, a third *entrée*, a slice of roast mutton, a second slice, a slice of hard-looking ham. In the second course pheasant, pudding, jelly. At dessert, dressed oranges and half a large pear. He drank seltzer-water only, but later in the dinner one glass of sweet champagne, and, I think, a glass of sherry at dessert.' This was one of the 'decisive' dinners," adds Mr. Russell, "for Palmerston died in the following October. The only wonder is that he lived so long. The dinner which killed the Duke of Wellington was a cold pie and salad."

Hear Mr. Russell on "Mourning":—

"The supreme exemplar of Mourning was, of course, Queen Victoria. During her reign, and in her personal practice, the custom of Mourning reached its highest point of persistence and solemnity. In 1844 Lady Lyttelton, who was governess to the present King and his sister the Princess Royal, wrote from Court, 'We are such a "boundless contiguity of shade" just now.' The immediate cause of that shade was the death of Prince Albert's father, and although in Queen Victoria's life there was a fair allowance of sunshine, still, as Ecclesiastes said, 'the clouds return after the rain'; and in a family where cousinship is recognised to the third and fourth generation, the 'shade' of mourning must constantly recur. The late Duke of Beaufort, head of the most numerous family in the peerage, always wore a black band round his white hat, because, as he said, one of his cousins was always dead and he would not be wanting in respect for the deceased."

This reminds us of another Duke, of whom we once read:—

"Throughout his life the Duke had been
In almost ceaseless mourning:
His cousins vanished from the scene
Without a word of warning.

Just as the Duke regained his smile
And ceased to be condolent,
One cousin met a lion, while
Another plumbed the Solent."

Evidently it is no joke to be a Duke.

We part with regret from Mr. Russell's book. It is the best company we have met for many a long day.

R. C. LEHMANN.

MR. SHAW'S ANTICS.*

These two volumes of vulgarism require straight speaking from any critic who has managed to retain the slightest respect for English literature. Mr. Shaw's excuse for their appearance is a characteristic one. "Being powerless to prevent the publication of these articles in America, I have been forced to make the best of the situation by inviting my own American publishers *to anticipate the inevitable*." We do not believe that vain and puffing statement, which, in any case, is merely anticipatory; but, even if it were true, there are worse things than piracy. In another part of his book Mr. Shaw declares that nothing in the world will now shake the belief he has driven into the skulls of the British Public—that he is a clever man. If anyone else can really wade through these two volumes, we are convinced that, in each case, Mr. Shaw will lose one more of those who, out of sheer carelessness, or for purposes of small talk, have been content hitherto with such criticisms as—"Oh, Shaw, yes; a disagreeable person, I should think, but awfully *clever*, of course!" We will quote one or two of Mr. Shaw's own brilliancies, which are singled out by the writer of his preface—a Mr. James Huneker, who writes an intolerable jargon compounded of American slang and theatrical journalese. Mr. Shaw's gems are singled out in these felicitous terms: "Treasures of wit and observation. And, oh! the wicked, the clever things that have dropped from the nib of the Shaw pen." Here is the first of them: "*Who is Hall Caine?*" Here is the second—a marvellous phrase—"*Boiled Heroine*"!! These two scintillations are selected in the preface to Mr. Shaw's essays as miracles of vivacity! Certainly they are astonishingly new when presented to us as literature; but is there a boarding-house in London which does not surpass them every day? It would be unprofitable and wearisome to discuss these essays in detail. If we pointed out their inconsistencies and their flat contradictions, Mr. Shaw might pride himself on the point. He is quite capable of working up a momentary passion and making some such momentous remark as: "Am I inconsistent? I thank God on my knees every night that I am inconsistent!" And though every journalist in London knows the value of that kind of utterance, his passive admirers would have to swallow it. We really cannot take the trouble to analyse such superficially clever epigrams as that "Every man over forty is a scoundrel"; nor have we anything but contempt to spare for his criticisms of individual actors and actresses when those ephemeral writings are presented to us in this pretentious form. Such horse-play as his remarks about a certain actor's figure, with the suggestion, for instance, that he eats too much, may be very funny in their proper place—the cheapest kind of comic paper; but—at this distance of time—they are not interesting. They are merely vulgar. Mr. Shaw does not respect himself, and therefore cannot be expected to respect his public. But it is a mistake to issue a book so full of misprints as this. It is a mistake also to refer to Shakespeare always as "the divine William."

We will not enter at large into Mr. Shaw's delicate and tasteful comparison of Mr. Pinero's plays with his own, and his complaint that the women in them do not all behave after the fashion of Mrs. Warren. For that is what his indictment really amounts to. Mr. Shaw's complaint against Mrs. Ebbsmith is that she melodramatically pulls the Bible out of the fire, which is just what that curiously superstitious kind of woman really would do. He complains that she is not a kind of female Shaw, who would have calmly lighted a cigarette with its leaves; and, in making this complaint, he puts himself on a level with that lowest kind of popular criticism to which he believes himself so superior—the kind of criticism which demands that a play shall be made after its own images or ideals; and—for instance—always have a happy ending without regard to truth. It is only another example of the fact that the new light of a new generation does not always mean an intellectual advance for individuals. We know a great deal more to-day, in some trifling ways, than Shakespeare did. Mr. Shaw knows a great deal more about certain small matters, perhaps, than a devout Christian like the late Mr. Gladstone, with his wide acceptances of various dogmas and miracles. But Mr. Shaw's intellectual chaos is not an advance even on the Christians who believed that God had a white beard. Mr. Shaw's "planes" are still hopelessly mixed. He still tries to "shoot the square root of two with a rook-rifle." He still attacks "love" with a "life-force" and "romance" with a motor-horn. Intellectually he is beneath contempt. Artistically he appeals only to pseudo-philosophers; and is only entitled to rank with those of the "quick-change" or the three-card-trick. If one

* "Dramatic Opinions and Essays." By Bernard Shaw. 2 vols. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable and Co.)

points out his fallacies, he pleads, "I am a dramatist." If one points out his intolerable faults as a dramatist, his long-winded orations, and his perversions of nature, he pleads, "I am a wit"! If one asks for the jest, he replies, "I am a Socialist"! If one asks for his earnest policy, he replies, "I merely advertise myself and write for money," with the implication, of course, that, on the contrary, he is a very noble-hearted fellow and at least honest. And nobody perceives that he has really said nothing at all. Let us also be honest. Are we not all a little tired of this blatant self-puffery? Is it not time to cease echoing the empty laughter of the mentally bankrupt admirers of this clever person? We know nothing more vulgar than the crude vanity displayed in these two volumes. One or two of the essays are headed "G. B. S. on so-and-so"; or "So-and-so on G. B. S." The vulgarity of that use of an author's initials in his own book, that indecent familiarity with himself, the self-complacent vanity of the thing, is as unmanly as it is disgusting. He would pride himself on unmanliness and on vanity, we are quite aware; just as he would apparently pride himself on being hunted down by the unnatural, vulgar and feline women he is so fond of depicting. Let him also pride himself on the fact that his reputation even for wit is rapidly on the wane; that even his feeblest admirers are growing tired of him; and that the great writers and poets on whom he has discoursed with so sublime an ignorance (admitted, of course) have no need of a guard about the lasting monuments on which he has tried to pose his own ludicrous naked statue. It would be an unkindness to cut his capers short too soon, if they amuse him. But it is our duty to the great and famous dead, the duty of all sincere critics with a respect for our literature, to say that Mr. Shaw's capers are vulgar, fatuous, and extremely wearisome.

ALFRED NOYES.

Excrata Deis hominiq; Superbia, nulli
Heu placeo, placeo dum nimis ipsa mihi.

Pride.

(Reproduced from "The Seven Deadly Sins," by kind permission of Mr. A. H Bullen.)

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.*

Mr. Rogers's book deals with the Seven Deadly Sins mainly as regards their frequent appearances in English literature. He was compelled, we suppose, to restrict himself to but a province in a subject so various and universal. None the less, his first chapter makes us wish he had given himself a little wider latitude, and had chosen a more personal point of view.

As for the mystical number "seven"—not the least mysterious and human part of his title—Mr. Rogers disposes of that in but a few paragraphs. "It neither begetteth nor is begotten, this is its first divinity or perfection"; so wrote William Ingpen in 1624. And we wonder first if his statement is in accordance with the facts, and next, would it be a perfection if it were? The author finally directs the curious in these matters to that source of so much that engages and beguiles the imagination—Egypt. But if we had not rather contemptuously forgone our own instincts we might have found the explanation far nearer home. Latent, dormant, somewhere in the vast age-long hereditary background of our consciousness, are many such subtle "sixth" senses as this. But cleverness hides the key of that strange garden; and though most of us have a kind of prejudice for odd numbers—a feeble dread of thirteen, a tenderness for nine, and a natural inclination (so far, at least as our novelists are concerned) for three—we do not ask why; and should probably smile at the answer, if we did, with that faint, scientific foppish forbearance to which our own transient day submits most things pre-Victorian. Much, in fact, as the writer has already patronised William Ingpen, we may, however, rest assured that the Deadly Sins are seven for a profounder reason than could nowadays be suggested for their being eleven or nine, or, even more probably, none.

Yet when the seven actually face the reader, he can not help counting the omissions. Ambition, Cruelty, Hypocrisy, Treachery are not much wholesomer company. Cold, fleshly passionlessness has stifled as many souls, and in even dingier places than Wrath. Are not restlessness, itch, "hustle" more tedious and deadly to humanity than sloth? And as for Bigotry—it has burned as many at the stake as gluttony has welcomed home to supper. Farther off many of these seem, too, from the deep, unearthly renouncement and reconciliation in mind, heart and hope that men call repentance.

Sin seems indeed, deadly or venial, an effect rather than a cause; a doing than a being. How often it is through a man's sins we learn why we love him. Our heart is with the Prodigal over his husks. We may admire, revere, and value Gray, and Wellington, and Wordsworth, but when Dr. Johnson gourmandizes, and Lamb comes home drunk, and Marlowe dies in squalor, and Nelson fails—then we see what sunshine cast such shadows, and learn a desperate patience even with ourselves.

Mr. Rogers has diligently searched English literature—drama and poetry—to adorn his Seven Sins. And rather obvious and inadequate is nearly all that that literature has had to say on the subject. They appear again and again in much the same symbolic trappings. On the stage they make their

* "The Seven Deadly Sins." By Frederick Rogers. 5s. net. (A. H. Bullen.)

entrance as certain as any villain that ever scowled in limelight of unanimous execration. They are treated in poetry almost exclusively for their pictorial effect; and apparently not much heartburning went to the effort. Dunbar (in Mr. Rogers's excellent modernisation) ushers in his Seven with a fine manly humour and irony; but scarcely with a cry from the heart. Spenser seems with an almost effeminate squeamishness to hate the symptoms more than the disease; and much too intent on his imagery to realise the endless complexity of his subject.

None the less the Seven are rather the children of Imagination than of Fact. They are ideal, abstractions. Only rare and great souls come to such simple and overwhelming defeat. Mrs. Grundy takes refuge in an elastic vocabulary and a restricted admiration of "character" at sight of them. They need, too, brains to flourish—from which fact possibly spring so many virtuous hopes of the dull. They need, what few men will give to virtue, or pay for paradise, self-sacrifice, unflinching devotion. He is not proud but a fool who vaunts himself over the trivial. Even Sloth—few are the children who do not bow in hopeless deference to a figure so rare and concentrated as Dr. Watts's immortal Sluggard.

Ingenuity and fancy have brought them low. We flaunt a taper to the Dark Ages. The sins seem absurd and extravagant, not terrible now. They exist in most men only in the weakest solution. And the vast majority keeps well within the bounds, even a little vain, of their small and feeble substitutes. We can more easily and profitably be dainty, and "clever," and good fellows; ennuyé, "practical," and discreet. We are as little likely to find ourselves standing in solitude above the abyss, as dreaming of the uplands and the peaks. We have too much intelligence and savoir-vivre. These Sins lead men to die defeated and broken-hearted, to meet the same dark grave as Virtue's, in a world whose haunting riddle is not only, what does it mean, but even, what *can* it mean?

Mr. Rogers's book gives the reader much to think about. It asks many questions. The Seven Deadly Sins, for instance, confront the seven *chief* Virtues; nor, strangely, is one of these, Success.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

From a water-colour by M. Dhurandhar. **Toilet of a Hindu Bride.**

(Reproduced from "Life and Labour of the People of India," by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.)

THE PEOPLE OF INDIA.*

This is a book that would still be of considerable importance even were it unliterary, inaccurate, or ill-written (and it has none of these faults), because it is a sincere endeavour to pourtray faithfully the life and labour of a wonderful country by one of that country's own sons—a native gentleman, Mohammedan by birth, who is also a member of the Indian Civil Service, a Cambridge graduate, and a barrister. It would be interesting to see how an Englishman would accomplish the same task on behalf of his own country in Urdu or Hindi; a history of life and labour in England written by an Englishman for the benefit of the masses in India might be an experiment worth consideration.

In presenting that with which we are most familiar it is often difficult to preserve an even sense of proportion and a true mental perspective, but Mr. Yusuf-Ali has been successful in maintaining a just balance throughout his pages, and in giving equally careful attention to all the divisions of his subject. The result is a finished mosaic of fact and detail free from sentimentality and prejudice—a book written perhaps more with the head than with the heart, but one that could only have been produced by a man of keen intellect and sound education, whatever his nationality.

The author begins by conducting us through a typical Indian town, with its crowded dwellings yet general outdoor existence, its noisy, fascinating bazaars, where time would seem to have little value against the satisfaction of the most fractional monetary bargain. He deals with municipal questions and problems of sanitation in a practical and progressive spirit, and has various suggestions to make which are both sane and vigorous.

With kindliness and sympathy, yet with judicious insight, he describes the simple life of an ordinary village with all its human failings and yet wonderful patience under toil and poverty, its humble pleasures, its ancient and effective system of self-government, its peaceful, sunny remoteness. Then he sketches with quick, graphic pen the various types of the leisured classes, from ruling princes to retired merchants. On the latter he is frankly severe, deploring their inertness, their ignorance, and lack of public spirit. Indeed throughout the book he is merciless in exposing the faults and weaknesses of his countrymen, though he extols with equal justice where praise is due.

Following this we are given a comprehensive survey of modern student life, which has developed so widely of late years under British influence, beginning with an amusing picture of the primitive village school, and concluding with the celebrated Aligarh College, and the headquarters of the Imperial Cadet Corps at Dehra Dun, founded by Lord Curzon, where, Mr. Yusuf-Ali says, is seen perhaps the highest development of student life in India.

We pass on to industrial and economic problems, to civic life, woman's life, and social tendencies; and the author, throughout, is all for advancement on patriotic and common-sense grounds. He has little sympathy with the so-called "mystery" of the East, which, in his opinion, exists only in the imagination of the Western novelist. "The idea about the mystery of the East, about there being huge cavernous depths of feelings and thoughts over which the English ideas float like foam is fostered by many novels, but certainly does not grow on an intimate acquaintance with village life. . . ."

Neither does he believe in the inward unchangeability of the East—the outward changes are, of course, obvious. But would the East have changed at all by herself?—and, if left

* "Life and Labour of the People of India." By Abdullah Yusuf-Ali. 12s. net. (John Murray.)

Sir Tobie Matthew.
(Reproduced from "The Life of Sir Tobie Matthew," by kind permission of Mr. Elkin Matthews.)

alone now, would she continue to change, or would she revert comfortably to the old order which, according to some opinions, slumbers but is not dead? Then it must be remembered that the author comes of a vigorous and adaptive race; it is the Hindu who, at core, is so slow to change, if he ever changes fundamentally at all. Again, Mr. Yusuf-Ali has no patience with the out-of-date wisdom of "the men of the old learning," as he calls them, with their dreams, and rituals, and paralysing superstitions—"the fossils of an antique civilisation, who dream away their lives in extracting omens from an impossible system of astrology, who waste days and nights of deep study and silent meditation in trying to discover the hidden meaning of old-world texts, plain and sound enough in their day, but now overlaid by the rust of ages. . . ." But for all this there is a great deal of worldly wisdom tangled up with the mass of myth and legend in "the old learning" that would apply aptly to our own age!

The pages that deal with the religion of the country are full of sound, ethical feeling. "Some people," says Mr. Yusuf-Ali, "doubt whether there is any religion. A form of religion there undoubtedly is, or rather a bewildering multiplicity of forms of religion, but they do not constitute a social or a moral force. . . ." This is a plain truth. Such forms cannot mould growing ideas; they are in no sense creeds like those of Europe which have permanent constitutions and centres of union.

The chapter on Woman's Life is intensely interesting. The author seems to be entirely above sex-prejudice, and advocates freedom for the female almost with the ardour of the suffragette. "Until woman's sphere is drawn concentrically with man's; until the idea of love is ennobled through the magic light of poetry; until marriage ceases to be a convention and becomes an affair of the heart, until then the salvation of the higher classes in India will be a mere chimera. . . ." Here he has probed to the real root of misunderstandings between East and West—the question of sex.

It is an earnest and thoughtful book, and should be valuable alike to those who know India and those who do not. The style in which it is written is clear and correct, and Mr. Yusuf-Ali's knowledge of English literature is evidently extensive; but his love of quotation is rather exasperating, and his indulgence of it tends to spoil many an impressive passage. For example, in the vivid picture of the village fakir—"he lives in a little hut, or cave, away from the village and far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife"; and again, "but the Brahman is a Brahman for a' that and a' that. . . ." The author's own diction is sufficiently excellent to stand alone without such superfluous ornamentation.

ALICE PERRIN.

SIR TOBIE MATTHEW.*

Mr. Arnold Harris Matthew (who describes himself on the title page as "*de jure* Earl of Llandaff," without explaining to the awe-struck reader the nature of his *jus*) has chosen for hero one who owed his chief, if not his only, distinction to his position as satellite to greater men. One cannot peruse "The Life of Sir Tobie Matthew, Knight," without echoing an observation made by John Chamberlain, writing to Dudley Carleton in 1623—"Tobie Matthew was knighted at Royston not long since; but for what service, God knows." His biographer is at pains to assure us that Tobie was "a remarkable personality," that he "early displayed remarkable intellectual powers," that he was "a youth of exceptional talent and brilliancy," "unquestionably a youth of rare talent," and so on; but one closes the book with the impression that he turned these gifts to very indifferent account, and that Horace Walpole was not far below the mark when he described Tobie as "one of those heteroclite animals who finds his place anywhere. . . He was supposed a wit, and believed himself a politician. His works are ridiculous, and his greatest success was a little mischief in making converts . . . but he was too insignificant to serve any cause." He had the advantage of friendship, approaching to intimacy, with Francis Bacon, who found uses for Tobie's indefatigable activity and for his fluency in Spanish and Italian, and, in giving him a letter of introduction to the Spanish Ambassador, Gondomar, described his friend as *mihi tanquam alter ego*, which might mean much or little in the florid epistolary style of the day. It is true that Bacon also described Tobie to Buckingham "as another myself"; but that was after Bacon's fall, when he was suing for Buckingham's influence to restore him to public life, and employed Tobie as an emissary.

That Tobie Matthew was useful to his employers, especially as a spy, cannot be denied; but it is also true that he busied himself with work that no man with a nice sense of honour would touch. His father was Archbishop of York, an ardent controversialist, in an age when religious controversy ran at a very high temperature. Tobie was the favourite of his parents, dissipated and extravagant in youth, as such favourites are prone to be. At five-and-twenty he entered Parliament as member for Newport, in Cornwall. Three years later he obtained his father's consent that he should travel on the Continent, pledging his word that he would not enter Spain or Italy, so greatly did the Archbishop dread that Roman Catholic influence in those countries might shake the Protestant principles wherein his Benjamin had been so carefully trained. These fears were not groundless. The faithless Tobie went on to Florence and Rome, was received into the Church of Rome, and continued to assure his father that he remained "as intire in religion and more reformed in manners than when I went out of England."

The Roman Catholic religion being proscribed in England at this time, Tobie, desiring to return thither, did not scruple, several months after his conversion, to write to Dudley Carleton: "For my being a Papist, I beseech you controule and quench the bruite, so as, at my return, I may be so freed even from the verye imputation."

Under screen of this falsehood he returned to London; but it is to his credit that his conscience would not suffer

* "The Life of Sir Tobie Matthew: Bacon's Alter Ego." By his kinsman, Arnold Harris Matthew (*de jure* Earl of Llandaff, of Thomastown, County Tipperary), and Annette Calthrop. 12s. net. (Elkin Matthews.)

him to take the oath of allegiance; so he was imprisoned as a recusant, released on parole to reside in Bacon's house, and finally ordered to quit the realm, when his seat in Parliament was declared vacant. This was in 1608; in 1614 he was ordained priest by Cardinal Bellarmine, and became a Jesuit, which facts he succeeded in keeping secret when, in 1617, he was allowed, through Buckingham's influence, to return to England.

Thereafter we obtain glimpses of him as an active propagandist; disguised as a politician, he worked as a keen and successful missionary, until his refusal to take the oath entailed his second banishment. Tobie's biographer, a bitter anti-Protestant, hails his hero as a martyr to the faith; but politics and religion were so closely interwoven at this time in the secret designs of the Court of Rome that it is impossible to believe that Tobie got more than his due. He and his like were a real danger in any Protestant state. However, when matters were veering towards the Spanish match for Prince Charles, Lord Bristol persuaded King James that this subtle and fluent busybody was the very man to send out with the mission to Madrid, and thither he went as English agent in 1621. The match came to nought, but Tobie remained in tolerable favour at Court until the Puritan reaction in 1642, when he and Sir Basil Brooke were summoned to appear at the bar of the House of Commons as Jesuit conspirators. Tobie sought safety over-sea, and lived abroad till 1655, when he died in the House of the English Jesuits at Ghent.

The present volume will not rank high among biographies, either on account of the character and performance of its subject or of its literary merit. The author lacks detachment; he exaggerates the importance of his hero, and he cannot regard earnest Protestants otherwise than as fanatics and bigots, or those of his own religion otherwise than as persecuted innocents. Undoubtedly the Catholics suffered under James I., just as Protestants had done under Queen Mary; toleration was of later birth; but it behoves the historian of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to recognise the spirit of the age, which invariably sent the weakest to the wall—or the stake. Only the loftiest minds saw above and beyond the perpetual strife. Tobie Matthew did his best at first to take Bacon over to Rome; but Bacon could not be tempted into theological controversy. "I see," he wrote, when sending Tobie part of his *Instauratio Magna*, "I see that controversies of Religion must hinder the Advancement of Sciences."

Tobie has been claimed as a witness in support of the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare's plays. The following passage in one of his letters from the Netherlands to Bacon, undated, but almost certainly later than January, 1621, has been interpreted as a compliment to the pseudonymous author of a great work.

"The most prodigious wit that I ever knew of my nation, and of this side the sea, is of your lordship's name, though he be known by another."

In the general dearth of evidence to support their theory, this sentence has been pronounced conclusive by Baconian enthusiasts. What says Mr. Sidney Lee?

HERBERT MAXWELL.

PORT ROYAL ONCE MORE.*

Mrs. Romanes dedicates her volume to the memory of her celebrated husband—greatest, perhaps, among Darwin's followers, but more notable still by the candour with which he explored Christian truth and was brought at last to own its supremacy. As a devout High Church Anglican, the accomplished writer shows in dealing with Port Royal a sympathy for the remarkable women who governed it, a suspicion of the Jesuits who opposed its influence, and a desire that her own communion should borrow from its religious teaching whatever is not sectarian or too much like Calvinism to be Catholic. Her deepest concern is edification. While giving the main facts, her pages do not pretend to explain the causes of those very singular phenomena which we associate with Saint Cyran, the Arnaulds, and Pascal. They contain little of theology and less of philosophy, yet are always thoughtful, as well as considerate even to the enemies of Port Royal—except, of course, the unlucky Jesuits and Louis XIV., who is not likely now to find a champion. No fresh documents throw light on a subject which has long been viewed from every side. But the information given is copious; what we require beyond it is to interpret, locate, and value the movement as a whole. And for that we must look elsewhere.

To the man of letters Port Royal is interesting because of a single name, Pascal, and a subtle critic, Sainte Beuve. Like many others (La Harpe, for instance), our story-teller declares that the prose of Pascal and the poetry of Racine "emanated" from the school to which Tillemont, Nicole, and Saci belonged. But as Joseph de Maistre points out in his lively and (I think) unanswerable pamphlet on the Gallican Church, this idea is quite a delusion. Pascal owed nothing to the "solitaries," among whom he appears almost as a Christian Byron, haughty, self-centred, individual to his finger-tips. And Racine, though he went through the class-rooms of the institution, learned the secret how to "compose easy verses with difficulty" from no one but himself. Port Royal induced Pascal to give up the investigations of science; it frightened Racine from the stage; and but for a happy accident we should now possess neither "Athalie" nor "Esther." My own conviction, which it seems to me probable that Sainte Beuve would not have been unwilling to grant, is this: Port Royal, instead of being a step forward in the French Renaissance, was the beginning of a decline. As a school of humanities it did indeed translate or adapt manuals of logic, grammar, and the like already extant in Latin. It had some linguists, and Gibbon's learned "mule of the Alps that never stumbles," Tillemont. But for literature, in the grand sense of the word, it did nothing. Where shall we find Pascal's imitators? Who is the Bossuet

TOBIAS MATTHÆVS ARCHIEPISCOPVS EBORACENSIS ANGLIÆ PRIMAS
IVRE duo servat Sanctorum nomina Præsul:
MATTHÆVS vita: TOBIAS ingenio.

Dr. Tobias Matthew.

(Reproduced from "The Life of Sir Tobie Matthew," by kind permission of Mr. Elkin Matthews.)

* "The Story of Port Royal." By Ethel Romanes. 15s. net. (Murray.)

or Fénelon of this eternally disputatious and small-minded coterie? I look over its annals and I can see only the "great" Arnauld with his hundred and forty dead volumes; the other polemical tracts that nobody reads; and Nicole, who has been described as a "Bourdaloue without eloquence." All that is not much.

From the religious point of view, while duly appreciating many of the spiritual lessons which Mrs. Romanes dwells upon in these nuns' correspondence, I prefer St. Teresa; and so would everyone who has compared the works in question. Let us be entirely frank. As a matter of history, Calvin, who is the ancestor not only of his recognised offspring in the Protestant world, but of Baius, Jansenius, Saint Cyran, and the Port Royalists, made the Christian life melancholy, its discipline cruel, and its spirit dark. The Catholic way is different; peace and joy flourish where it triumphs; and the gloomier elements are subdued to a tender patience which, as the poet says, can smile at its companion, grief. Saint Cyran, "captain of the band"—to quote Montaigne—was a terribly sad and even pitiless director of souls. The tyranny which would not suffer any creature at Port Royal to escape from his iron grasp, fills me with an indignation that not all the undoubted genius and power exhibited in his letters can overcome. Mrs. Romanes, too, is often aware of something in the movement itself mortally cold, most unlike the Lord Jesus to whom children were offered for a blessing. If religion is to be so inhuman as these sectaries by their grim talk, their fierce "other-worldliness," their harsh judgments, their narrow cloistered outlook, would have it to be, what is the good of religion? Saint Cyran is a far more downcast spirit than Milton's Satan. These are things which the student can prove by his own reading in the originals, if he will. They fling an ever recurring shadow upon the ground which we travel under present guidance. All the writer's instincts are Catholic. She will discover, I hope, as time goes on, that Port Royal was too melancholy to be orthodox, too little human to have created a noble literature, and too self-satisfied in its isolation to serve mankind.

WILLIAM BARRY.

Pascal.

(Reproduced from "The Story of Port Royal," by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.)

MR. LANG'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.*

This volume completes Mr. Lang's version of the history of Scotland, which, in several respects, differs from all previous versions. Written on a much bigger scale than Professor Hume Brown's, but less copious than Tytler's and Hill Burton's, it is at once fresh, vivacious, readable, and critical. The freshness is due to three causes—the manner in which old facts are presented, the new material which has been utilised, and the standpoint. Although the first person singular is seldom used, the stamp of the author's personality is conspicuous on every page. Mr. Lang can hardly help being vivacious, readable and critical. These qualities, however, are not unalloyed. The freshness and the vivacity have sometimes the appearance of being forced; and the criticism, while usually acute and occasionally pungent, is not always free from unfairness. While the greater part of the work is exceedingly readable, the style does not approach Froude's, which for historical purposes is well-nigh perfect.

As the first chapter of this volume deals with the battle of Killiecrankie, and the last with the battle of Culloden, the Jacobite attempts to restore the Stuart line fall within the period covered; and among the Jacobites Mr. Lang is thoroughly at home. Unlike Mark Napier, Mr. Lang does not assert the authenticity of the letter alleged to have been written, or at least dictated, by Dundee, giving an account of the battle in which he fell. To him, "it seems impossible that Dundee dictated the letter, and yet not very easy to believe that any forger could catch his tone and spirit so successfully." He affirms, however, that this "great soldier who died for a master so miserable sleeps in the old church of Blair." Some of his dust may indeed be there, but his remains are said to have been "taken up" about 1794; and Mr. Mowbray Morris alleges that "in 1852 some bones, believed to be his, were removed from Blair to the church of Saint Drostan in the parish of Old Deer, in Aberdeenshire."

Of the '15 and the '45, the narrative is clear and ample; and the same may be said of the invasion of 1719, although the actual operations in Scotland claim less than three pages. Over the romantic wanderings of Prince Charlie after Culloden, Mr. Lang does not think it necessary to spend more than a few lines; and he deems it fortunate that his task does not require him "to trace the later unhappy fortunes of 'a man undone,' and the sorrows which his conduct heaped on the patient head of the good King James."

Perhaps the most generally interesting of the chapters are the two respectively entitled, "Life in the Highlands, 1715-1745," and "Life in the Lowlands, 1700-1745." Other two chapters are devoted to "the eve of Union, 1702-1705," and "the Union, 1705-1707"; while another has the taking title of "Jacobites and wild Whigs." Could these Whigs have seen Mr. Lang's book, they might have thought that the adjective should be applied to it, not to them; and some of its statements are wild enough.

Like the previous volumes, this one is disfigured by misprints, and by chronological, clerical, and other errors; and also contains needless repetitions. The explanations intended to remove difficulties are not always helpful. Here is an example:—

> "'At Dumfries they have burned the Articles of Union at the market-place.' As De Foe writes thus on 'November 13,' he must use Old Style, for the burning of the Articles of Union is always dated on November 20."

Without questioning the accuracy of the statement that "the burning of the Articles of Union is always dated on November 20," one may well ask how the matter is helped by the emphatic assertion that De Foe "must use old style." Does Mr. Lang not know that when De Foe wrote there was no style except old style either in Scotland or England? To make his theory of any value, he would require to prove that, when the 20th of November is given as the date, new style is meant.

In his time, Mr. Lang has set himself to solve many mysteries, and has, on the whole, been fairly successful. But now he has encountered one which, so far, seems to

* "A History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation." By Andrew Lang. Vol IV. 20s. net. (Blackwood and Sons.)

have baffled him. He states it thus, in referring to Macky's "Journey through Scotland," published in 1723:—

"How he was enabled to give a minute account of 'the Honours of Scotland,' popularly supposed to have been locked up in the Castle at the Union, and unseen by human eye till the time when Scott was present at the opening of the chest, is rather a mystery."

The truth is there is no mystery in the matter. Macky tells that they were kept in a vaulted room in Edinburgh Castle, and that he could not see them; but he explicitly says:—"I will give you their description as I had it from the Herald's Office, and from some persons of worth, who during the sitting of the Scots Parliaments had them under their care." These words occur on the page immediately preceding those which Mr. Lang cites! His failure to notice them is no doubt due to the cursoriness of his inspection. There is a more remarkable point which he has also failed to observe. When the regalia were lodged in the castle of Edinburgh, on the 26th of March, 1707, a legal instrument was taken on behalf of William Earl Marischal; and in that instrument there was embodied "an inventory and particular description of the said regalia," of which he was the heritable keeper. If Mr. Lang had ever seen this "inventory and particular description," he could hardly have failed to recall it, in this connection, for it is almost word for word the same as Macky's description. I do not believe that if Mr. Lang were to make a copy of it, that he could follow it so closely as Macky has done.

The portrait of "James III. and VIII." makes a very pleasing frontispiece to the volume; but the most remarkable feature of the volume is its index to the whole work. The fair compiler has evidently spent much time over it; but it would have been much more serviceable if it had been less elaborate in its arrangement and a different plan followed in some of its details. There are, for example, a great many entries under "France." The printers, however, have not thought it necessary, either in this case or in others, to repeat the sub-heading at the top of each column, or even to keep the line of the narrowed column; and consequently many of the entries have a fantastic or absurd appearance. Again, such names as "de la Bastie," "de Lignerolles," "de Quadra," "de Selve," "de Vesci," and so on, are not arranged under B, L, Q, S, and V, but are all under D. Mr. Lang, of course, should have seen to this. Turning to the word "church," one finds that the pre-Reformation entries are duly entered under it; for the later entries there is this direction:—"Church in Scotland, post-Reformation. *See* Kirk." In this, as in some other items, Mr. Lang's sentiments are faithfully reflected.

D. HAY FLEMING.

THE POLITICAL CHESTERFIELD.*

Mr. Craig's Life of Chesterfield is a conscientious attempt to detach the duller element of Chesterfield; not the Pascal of provincial manners, but the skilled statesman and diplomatist who placed one of the finest wits of the eighteenth century at the disposal of his country. In a venal age he portrays at length a statesman not to be bought. Supreme among flatterers, he detects in Chesterfield no flattery with a base motive. We have here the diplomatist at the Hague, the implacable leader of opposition, impervious to the toys that Bob gave to his boys, the champion of a free Press and a free Stage, the mouthpiece of a reformed calendar, and that strange Phœnix, a sympathetic Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Alone, perhaps, of English statesmen sent to govern Ireland during the Georgian era, Chesterfield had some genuine understanding of and sorrow for the wrongs and miseries of the subject race. Critical as the period of his Viceroyalty was—in the summer of 1745—he resolutely avoided coercion. Ireland, he said, had more to fear from poverty than from popery, and the only dangerous papist he knew was Miss Ambrose—a regnant society belle in the Dublin of that day. He wished in after days to be described as "the Irish Lord-Lieutenant," and devoted himself to relieving the distress of a native population who were worse used than negroes by their landlords and their landlords' parasites. The story is well known of how, when told by

* "Life of Lord Chesterfield." An account of the ancestry, personal character and public services of the fourth Earl of Chesterfield. By W. H. Craig. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

James III. and VIII.

By permission of James Maxtone Graham, Esq., of Cultoquhey.

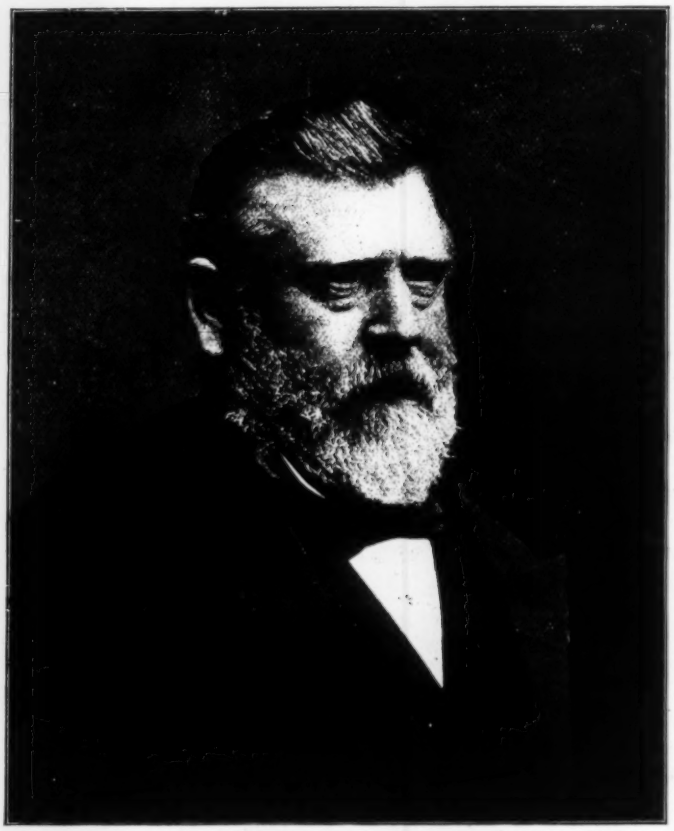
(Reproduced from Vol. IV. of "A History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation," by kind permission of Messrs. Wm. Blackwood and Sons.)

an alarmed subordinate that the people of Connaught were rising, Chesterfield placidly looked at his watch and observed, "It is nine o'clock: it is certainly time for them to rise." But the *mot* is a trifle musty since some vulgarian set the fashion of "getting up." It is interesting to trace a consistency in Chesterfield's conception of liberty. He was strongly opposed to the despotism of the Lord Chamberlain as irresponsible censor of stage plays. The full bearing of the position is brought out most completely by Dr. Nicholson in his book on "The Struggle for a Free Stage," to which Mr. Craig does not appear to make allusion. Chesterfield again was opposed to the taxation of the American colonies, and deprecated the appeal to coercion there. "For my part," he wrote, "I never saw a forward child mended by whipping, and I would not have the Mother-country become a step-mother." As a further instance of his political sagacity, we have the letter written in 1753 in which he said, "All the symptoms which I have ever met with in history previous to great changes and revolutions in government now exist and daily increase in France."

But we doubt whether Mr. Craig's attempt to reinstate Chesterfield as a statesman is worth while, after all. He is not a master of narrative. He cannot reanimate the political groups among which Chesterfield revolved. He cannot recreate for us the milieu of the anti-Walpole camarilla or the distinctive squalor of the court of Georgius Secundus. And if we turn from style to substance, the question will reassert itself. Is it as a statesman that Chesterfield needs rehabilitation? Whether from circumstance or choice, he had practically always to be an opportunist and the mouthpiece of generally very inferior men. He might be a peerless administrator or diplomatist; but, like the Stuarts, or his own witty kinsman, the Marquis of Halifax, he did not understand Englishmen particularly well. At a time when his countrymen were most insular and most John Bullish, Chesterfield was essentially un-English. His tastes, his habits, his sympathies were alike French. When a Frenchman said to him, "Vous êtes tout comme nous," he took it as one of the most perfect compliments he had ever received. He thought the "Henriade" finer than the "Iliad." Shakespeare was quite inferior, in his estimation, to Corneille and Racine. He spoke French in preference to English, and his English in his happiest moments is interlarded with French idiom. "Would you like to become a regular John Trott?" and such disparaging expressions abound in his "Letters." To his son in Italy he wrote: "I am informed there are now many English at the

Academy in Turin, and, I fear, those are just so many dangers for you to encounter. Who they are I do not know; but I well know the general ill-conduct, the indecent behaviour, and the illiberal views of my young countrymen abroad; especially when they are in numbers together." This kind of sentiment, not factitious as a good deal of Hume's abuse of the Bull family was, but evidently from the heart, may have contributed to the detachment which made Chesterfield so excellent a Viceroy of Ireland and diplomat at the Hague; but it was hardly calculated to endear him to his own fellow-countrymen; and, for all the Venetian oligarchy, an unpopular statesman could never go very far in eighteenth century England.

Mr. Craig has done his work well, and incidentally throws light upon a typical eighteenth century career —a plain and obvious light, for he has no fresh material, and has restricted himself to the most accessible and straightforward sources. His historical authorities, for instance, seldom transcend Smollett and Mahon. His supplementary chapter is a very poor piece of literary contrivance. Like so many of Chesterfield's exponents, he is a very severe moralist, and can only find the word "detestable" when he seeks to characterise the earl's intrigue with a *dame du compagnie* (*sic*) at the Hague. His chapters, sometimes, make rather hard reading, though occasionally he seems to catch just a reflection of his subject's humane touch, as where apologising momentarily for the Letters, he observes, "Diffidence, *gaucherie*, *mauvaise honte*, moral scrupulousness, simplicity, candour, etc., may be pardonable, nay, some of them even estimable qualities in one who follows the more secluded paths of life; but they are a poor stock-in-trade for a diplomatist to start with"—though we can hardly imagine Stanhope's pencil developing the phrase "stock-in-trade."



The late Mr. R. J. Seddon.

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Another very agreeable passage must conclude our observations upon an unimpassioned but sterling piece of work. Towards his premature old age and decay Chesterfield "lived a quiet, simple life, spending his winters in town, his summers at Blackheath. Books became more and more his solace, and he graduates them to his energies: *folios* in the morning, when his powers are freshest; *quartos* in the afternoon, when his strength is somewhat impaired by the labour of the day; and volatile *octavos* at night, when he feels incapable of digesting heavier literature. His exercise, when in the country, is chiefly taken on a sedate cob, for his legs are beginning to fail; and he potters about with his gardener, looking after the welfare of those vegetables which he regards as his 'equals,' or fostering the precarious growth of his melons and ananas. His fare is of the simplest, and so far from mourning, he laughs at its simplicity. 'An ass and a cow nourish me between them, very plentifully and wholesomely: in the morning the ass is my nurse, at night the cow; and I have just now bought a milch-goat which is to nurse me at Blackheath." The volume is handsomely produced, with twenty-eight "historical portraits."

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

The Bookman's Table.

THE LIFE OF RICHARD JOHN SEDDON. By James Drummond. (Siegle, Hill and Co.)

It is almost inevitable that a political biography such as this, written for the most part while Mr. Seddon was still taking a very active part in the politics of New Zealand, should labour under certain disadvantages. And these blemishes are, as a matter of fact, only too conspicuous. In the eyes of his enthusiastic biographer Mr. Seddon appears as a real "King Dick," as a king who can do no wrong. Criticism, except in the form of laudatory comment, is almost wholly absent. Mr. Drummond glosses over Mr. Seddon's attempt to lead all the self-governing colonies in an attack upon the Chinese Labour Ordinance, and yet herein Mr. Seddon was establishing a memorable precedent. For the first time the initiative was being taken by one colony, a resolution of which was sought to be commended to the British Cabinet by a chorus of colonial self-governing comrades. Then again Mr. Drummond is silent upon the question of federation with Australia. The project, it is true, is at present, if not for ever, outside practical politics, but it was once sufficiently live to have justified a certain amount of notice. Mr. Drummond points with pride to the five hundred Bills which Mr. Seddon introduced. But this activity more than threatened to become a mania of late years. Thus, for example, his Shops and Offices Bill was forced through with such haste that at the first reading the Bill was not even in type, and was passed, assented to by the Governor, and promulgated before any copies of the Act were obtainable by the public. The Act, it should be added, met with so unfavourable a reception that it was suspended, and a test case ordered to be brought by Mr. Seddon before the Supreme Court judges within a single week of its being promulgated, and it has subsequently been toned down. Such omissions as these, which must readily occur to any student of New Zealand politics, seriously detract from the value of the book, and so far place it upon a lower level than the brilliant impressionist sketch which the French writer, M. André Siegfried, has given us in his "La Démocratie en Nouvelle Zélande." On the other hand, Mr. Drummond has utilised his advantages to the full. As a journalist, he has had many opportunities of studying Mr. Seddon's career in the making, and we gather from his brief preface that Mr. Drummond had numerous opportunities of *tête-à-tête* conversations with Mr. Seddon, who was always ready to express his opinions upon political situations and public men. In this way Mr. Drummond introduces us to many scenes which are told in an admirably graphic manner. We can watch Mr. Seddon step by step, from the day when he first entered Parliament to the closing years of his great career, when he dominated the Assembly. We can follow him in his tours through "God's own country," mixing with the people,

receiving deputations, giving promises and granting concessions, with all the airs of a monarch till he was known as a political bagman, and it was said of him over here by Sir William Harcourt that he seemed to have gained perpetual power by means of perpetual motion. Mr. Drummond's book, to which Sir Joseph Ward, the present Premier of New Zealand, and Mr. Seddon's most trusted lieutenant, contributes a foreword, falls naturally into three main divisions. The opening and closing chapters are purely biographical, and we gather that it was only Mr. Seddon's sudden and tragic death that curtailed these portions, and prevented their being to some extent autobiographical. The main body of the book is political, and this part is to be divided into the period when Mr. Seddon was simply the parochial politician, and the days when he came out of the chrysalis and developed into the insistent Imperialist. To the average English reader the latter part will probably appeal most strongly. The sociologist who sees in New Zealand the most advanced community in the world, and who has read with interest Mr. W. Pember Reeves's "State Experiments in Australia and New Zealand," will no doubt be pleased to find that in some respects Mr. Drummond supplements Mr. Reeves's admirable work. Outside a somewhat narrow circle, however, in this country, much of this part of Mr. Seddon's career must savour of the parish pump, and his development as an Imperialist is certain to appeal to a wider audience. It matters nothing that many people were violently opposed to Mr. Seddon's imperial ideas. Whether we agree or disagree with Mr. Seddon's ideas, most of us will acknowledge that a man with decided views and ample confidence in those views is, upon the whole, a healthy influence. To have the power of forcing other people to think or act is in itself very often a valuable gift. And Mr. Seddon pre-eminently had the power of doing this. That the book has radical shortcomings has already been pointed out. We cannot pretend to hope that Mr. Drummond will be left in undisputed possession of the field. Circumstances and personal predilections have combined to blur for him the true perspective. It is, in short, a book which, as the French say, suffers from the defects of its qualities.

PEN, PATRON, AND PUBLIC. 5s. (Greening.)

The absence of the author's name from the title page somewhat piques one's curiosity; but if it had been there the interest and, in a sense, the value of "Pen, Patron, and Public" would have been considerably increased. It is evident, however, that he knows his subject thoroughly, and from the inside. Whoever he is, he would seem to have been in the thick of the journalistic life of London for the better part of the last fifty years. You have glimpses in his pages of Dickens, Thackeray, Lytton, the great Delane, of Sala, "then rejoicing in his 'Daily Telegraph' white waistcoat, and the rubicund cravat, worn, as he said, to carry off his nose"; and of many another giant of the past, and of many who were almost, if not quite, equally able and influential journalists, though they were less known to the general public. It is a discursive and gossipy chronicle, and the author's running commentary on the changes of circumstance and event that he passes under review is invariably shrewd and full of interest; he is a man of many opinions, and has the courage of them all. If he is harsh and a little bitter in his condemnation of and contempt for certain phases of the newer journalism, he is also cheerfully candid in his acknowledgment of the larger and happier opportunities they offer to the new journalist. The book is lightly, easily, and amusingly written; it is far more entertaining than most novels, and is at the same time a contribution of real importance to the history of latter-day journalistic development.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A HUMOURIST. By A. W. à Beckett. 12s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

Mr. à Beckett was on the staff of *Punch* for twenty-eight years, and for over twenty of those years he acted as assistant editor; he began life as a civil servant; had experiences as a war correspondent and a dramatic critic; wrote novels, edited papers, has done an immense amount of work on a variety of journals, and, especially as a *Punch* man and the son and brother of *Punch* men, has made acquaintance with most of the leading authors, artists, and journalists of the latter half of last century. It were almost impossible for anyone with such a past to write a book of his personal recollections that should not be entertaining; and entertaining this substantial volume of Mr. à Beckett's certainly is. It is written in a desultory, gossipy fashion, and is thickly sown with pleasant anecdotes. Mr. à Beckett insists a little too much, by quotation from letters and other documents, on his claim to be regarded as "a leading humourist" and "one of the wits of the age." These things are better left for others to find out for themselves; and there is a querulous touch at times in his reference to recent changes made in the *Punch* staff, and in his hints that that journal is not so funny or so important as it was in the better days when he and his older friends were associated with it. Otherwise, the whole tone of the Recollections is as urbane and genial as any who know Mr. à Beckett's work would expect them to be. He knew Thackeray, Dickens, Jerrold, Leech, Doyle, and most of that brilliant circle when he was a boy and they were visiting at his father's house; he became intimate with them and with many of the newer immortals when he arrived at manhood, and writes amusingly and informingly about them all. We have glimpses of "Evans's," where the staff of *Punch* met round one table, and the staff of *Fun* round another; a glimpse of the late Poet Laureate as a gunner in the volunteers; stories of Mr. à Beckett's own practical jokes, and of the sayings and doings of certain people of importance in their day, and of some who will continue to be of importance in days that are not theirs. The book is frivolous, serious, reminiscent, prophetic, everything by turns except dull. There is an excellent photograph of the author by way of frontispiece.

DANTE AND HIS ITALY. By Loadsdale Ragg, B.D. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

Into this volume Prebendary Ragg has put, from one point of view, too much, and from another, too little. He knows Dante's works—not only the *Divina Commedia*—intimately, and understands his thought. It is evident also that he has had opportunities of study such as fall to the lot of very few Englishmen. With these qualifications it would seem that he might with advantage have devoted himself seriously to some particular branch of Dantological research. Instead of this he has chosen to embrace too many subjects, and thus to produce a regular "made up" book, which in 350 pages deals with the political and social history of the thirteenth century, the origins and development of Italian literature down to the time of Dante, and with the biography of the poet. The pity is the greater in that the author has an excellent scholarly style, clear and nervous. No one who is so good a Dantist, and who writes so well, ought to waste his energies in writing a Child's Guide to Dante. Having made this protest, we have little else but praise for the book as it stands. Its chief value lies in the frequent quotations, both from the Latin and Italian works, which, in conjunction with the index of references, should render the book of considerable use as a commentary for beginners. It begins with an interesting chapter on the Year of Jubilee, 1300, which sets forth clearly and succinctly what were the character and aims of Boniface, and what was necessarily Dante's attitude towards him. This is followed by two chapters on the history of Dante's century, giving special prominence to the personalities of Philip the Fair, Charles of Anjou, Frederic II., and S.S. Francis and Dominic. The social life in Italy during this period is treated of in the next chapters. These, especially the last of the two, which is largely taken up by a mere catalogue of sports known to have been in vogue at the time, are the weakest in the book. If they had been cut down to half the amount, more space might have been spared for the discussion of Dante's literary forerunners and contemporaries. The literary chapters, indeed, make good enough reading as far as they go, but they are provokingly slight. Anyone who has even read through the *Purgatorio* once would, we imagine, turn immediately to these chapters, to read about the various poets who at the time of Dante's vision were on their way to perfect bliss. And on turning over the pages he would see with delight a ballata of Arnaut Daniel and a fourteenth century canzone, both with their contemporary airs, and quotations from Guido Guinicelli and Guido Cavalcanti. Yet the impression we receive from reading the book through is that the author has taken less trouble

with this part of the study—surely one of the most interesting—than with any other part. Usually so copious in his references to original authorities, he gives in these chapters hardly any. He seems to have gone for his facts and extracts occasionally to Carducci, but chiefly to D. G. Rossetti's translations in his "Early Italian Poets." Still, he gives us a very fair account of the rise of Italian poetry from the efforts of the first Provençalists to its emancipation in the writings of the school of the "dolce stil nuovo," and devotes a few pages to each of the poets of any note. The inevitable drawback to books of this kind is that they cannot satisfy a desire for knowledge. The good that they can do is to provoke interest; and to achieve this end "Dante and his Italy" is well fitted.

THE CALL OF THE EAST. By Charlotte Lorimer. 3s. 6d. (Gay and Bird.)

In some ways Miss Lorimer's little book is rather annoying, and in others it is pleasing. To deal with its objectionable features, why, in the first place, does the authoress lump together under one title a heterogeneous collection of short stories, descriptive articles on Oriental scenery, and sentimental tales out of real life? Secondly, why is the title she has chosen so much more pretentious than the scope of the book warrants? After all, no one wants to be captious about this little volume, which is really quite a modest production. No single one of Miss Lorimer's sketches is characterised by any distinction in construction, and she possesses no particular merits of style, but there is real pathos in "The Faith of Chun Tai" and one or two of the other stories, while "The Honourable Guest of the Mother Heart" and "The Broken Samisen String" have a certain quiet charm of their own. Two or three of the tales seem to be after Kipling, quite a long way. As material for "copy" Japanese manners and customs have been pretty well exhausted in the last year or two, but Miss Lorimer atones for her delinquencies in this direction by contriving to strike a really fresh note in her descriptions of Fujiyama, and of Chinese peach-orchards in blossom, and in a dainty little piece of writing called "Japanese Mist Pictures." The authoress touches her high-water mark in descriptive writing in her account of the Inland Sea, "the sea that has three thousand islands. They say that once someone was Vandal enough to count them." These three sketches save Miss Lorimer from being disappointed, "in the hope of conveying to the reader something of that mysterious charm so much less difficult to recognise than to define," which she tells us about in the preface. The volume has a cover design that is distinctly artistic.

VENICE. By Beryl De Sélincourt and May Sturge Henderson. Illustrated by Reginald Barratt, A.R.W.S. 10s. 6d. net. (Chatto and Windus.)

This is a book of colour plates that are, on the whole, well printed, and will give pleasure to people who like in pictures the valuable qualities of clearness and architectural draughtsmanship; the prints of the Dogana and Palazzo Dario and a view on the Grand Canal throwing into these an added touch of artistry. The authors have secured some successes too; notably in these passages:—

"The sky is the roof of all the world, but Venice alone is paved with sky. Tintoret and Turner saw Venice as the offspring of sky and water: that is the spirit in which they have portrayed her; that is the essence of her life."

And in speaking of ancient Venice:

"Yet now and again come days when the spirit even of this remoter period returns to its well-nigh forgotten grave, the days when Venice lies under the rule of the rain-cloud. Within Venice along the slippery streets there is gloom and desolation; she would shut her gates if she could to these wild beings of cloud and wind, these houseless grey pilgrims that, at no bidding of hers, come and take lodging with her as they take their nomad way. I know not what of the old wild fisher heart comes to visit Venice in these days; phantoms of old time are borne in on the gusty winds from the sea and the lagoon, and the commanding voice of the sea wind they must have known so well seems to clothe them with substantial life."

The authors conclude, however, that a heavy fate awaits in Venice the artist who must work in words. "Colour and music can draw nearer, and yet by words there is something to be conveyed of her enduring beauty." The artists in words who have been successful in the enterprise were, perhaps, like Shelley and Byron, somewhat less self-conscious; and possibly the authors would have been better advised to tell a plain story plainly when the tissue of the tale itself was so richly wrought in romance and splendour. Mrs. Oliphant's pleasant book on Venice was compiled without an ounce of literary self-consciousness, and as she went simply and straightforwardly about her work, her kindly chronicle must always remain agreeable reading. It was superficial, of course; but the present volume is still more so, telling us little about the life history of a state that teaches us lessons of enduring civic value; and seeming to regard its home and foreign politics, which were of extraordinary interest, and the fine arts that were a glory to the world, from what we must suggest is, after all, very much a mere drawing-room standpoint.

Novel Notes.

THE WINGLESS VICTORY. By M. P. Willcocks. 6s. (John Lane.)

Wilmot, the wife of the doctor of Challacombe, is piqued because she thinks her husband does not love her. She engages in disastrous flirtations with other men, and is thus amusing herself at a time when, unknown to her, her husband has arrived at a crisis in his life and the failure of his fortunes. When she has left her home, she leaves him alone in the desolate house with a woman of unhappy history whom he had befriended and who is bound to him by ties of deep gratitude—both alike solitary and sad. The doctor makes overtures for union with this woman, Johanna. She had been an outcast of the town, who for love of her child had determined to lead a regenerated life. She loves the doctor. She leaves him, and goes to Wilmot, his wife; and the chapter wherein Johanna unravels the tangle of their lives and gives Wilmot the clue through the labyrinth is called "At the hands of the Magdalen." It will be seen there is an idea in the contrast of character between Johanna and Wilmot. But the question arises, how far has the character of Johanna been realised? If Johanna had been real she must necessarily have been drawn on large and simple lines; she must have been heroic and have governed the story. The story is governed by the character that is real, Wilmot, who has all the abhorrent qualities of the modern heroine, the craving for power, restless vanity, and heartless egoism. There are many of us who would cry comment in Irish, "Thrue for you!" when she aptly summarises herself thus: "I'm a worry to everybody, and to myself most of all." In the presentation of character the author's work is best in subsidiary portraits that are not too much worked upon, as the mother of one of Wilmot's victims, and the father of another; but in saying this we except the laboured fidelity of Wilmot's portraiture. The author's method is instructively different from that observed in another recent book, Mr. Galsworthy's "The Country House," where we are struck by the self-detachment of the creator of the Squire and the Rector. We cannot acquit the inventor of Wilmot of partisanship, and this advocacy, taken with a superficial handling of Johanna's character, makes us feel that the author has fallen somewhat below the level of her idea. Now some failures of this kind might be not without peril. To belittle a grand theme might be almost like sacrificing to those false gods who profaned the solemn feasts, who durst abide Jehovah thundering out of Sion, says Milton,

"Yea, often placed
Within His sanctuary itself their shrines."

The fundamental human passions are altogether out of place in an operetta. We are daring greatly when we strike down to them. And if we would treat of things that are very deep and wonderful, should we not bring to their contemplation with something of the self-detachment of the artist, something also of that humility and reverence with which in old days the good Fra Angelico used to meditate upon his religious pictures?

A SHEPHERD OF THE STARS. By Frances Campbell. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Mrs. Frances Campbell, whose "Dearlove" won her wide praise, gives here in her latest story some of the qualities which charmed us in the earlier volume. In "The Shep-

herd of the Stars" we are taken to Morocco. The two chief characters are Felicia and her younger sister Pickle, who willy-nilly carry off their convalescent aunt, Miss Kerr, to the country named, where she renews her health, and the pretty Felicia finds, in a simple friend met on the voyage, a titled husband. It is a pretty love story, with pleasing and evidently faithful pictures of life in Morocco—incidentally the brigand Raisuli is introduced—but many readers will find their interest chiefly centred in the younger girl, whose sayings and doings form no inconsiderable part of the book. Mrs. Campbell is most successful when portraying characters of her own sex: her girls are delightful, and Miss Kerr reveals herself as an attractive personality. The hero, who ultimately proves to be a peer, is rather of a type that we are not accustomed to associate with such well-considered fiction as that of Mrs. Campbell—he is of the novelette. "A Shepherd of the Stars," with the evident sincerity of its Morocco pictures, will make many of its readers wish to visit the scene in which Felicia's romance was worked out.

FRIDAY THE 13TH. By Thomas W. Lawson. 4s. (Heinemann.)

It may be assumed that what Mr. T. W. Lawson, the author of "Frenzied Finance," does not know about the ways of Wall Street is not worth knowing; and in this novel he conveys even to the non-financial mind a clear impression of the multifarious wickednesses that are part of the armoury of many operators on the stock exchange. In his attacks on Wall Street, Mr. Lawson is not calm; and to his lack of repose his eccentricity of phraseology may be attributed. His language may be ordinary American, but it is extraordinary English. Such passages as these abound:

"She dropped her long lashes in a this-conversation-is-closed way that we had to come to know meant going time."

"He spent much of his time yesterdaying through hope's graveyards."

It may be the Western idiom, and we trust that it is not infectious. . . Then there is a stock-broking character who speaks thus:

"Cam' unt de Keroseners are pudding up egstra dop rails to dot wool-pen deh haf ben pilding since deh took Pop Prownlee and deh Rantolphs into gamp. Unless my topesheet goes pack on me, for deh first dime in forty years dere vill be a record clip pefore a veek from to-tay."

The story concerns itself chiefly with the efforts of a beautiful young Virginian girl to repair the shattered fortunes of her family by Wall Street operations. These are described with much detail; and all through there is a relentless exposure of American stock exchange methods. The Wall Street scenes are well done; but in the making of them there is an absence of the artistry that made "The Pit" a literary success.

THE PASS. By Steward Edward White. Frontispiece in colour by Fernand Limpen, and many other illustrations from photographs. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Mr. White is well up in the ranks of American outdoor writers. He knows wild country in Western America, is a genuine woodcraftsman, and at his best, as in "The Forest," can get poetical effects. In this new book he describes how he and Wes and Billy (a woman), with various horses, a bull terrier, and an Aberdeen terrier, opened a new pass by the Great Western Divide. He gives a good many of the practical details of the work, always picturesquely, yet with hardly enough precision to make them actually useful. For his chief business is narrative, to give us impressions of his companions' characters (not excluding horses and dogs), of scenery, of difficulties delightfully overcome. The worst that can be said of him is that, though he is a practical man who really knows horses, bears, precipices, great cold, and many primitive dangers, he is just a shade too self-conscious, so that he approaches Stevenson's very refined method, whereas his natural gifts are probably very remote from those which made "Travels with a Donkey." Thus he relies too much upon charming but general statements where we expect from such a man—and confidently believe that he could give us—genuine conversation, bold brush-work, facts "with the bark on." Such things, nevertheless, are not absent, and they have a pleasing Americanism in them, as when the forest ranger says that he wants his boys

"To be like the old fellow who built his stone wall four foot high and five foot wide. Somebody asked him what he did it for. 'Well,' said he, 'there's a heap of wind in this country, and I wanted her so that if she should blow over she'd be a foot higher after the trouble than she was before.'"

Some of his pictures are beautiful, *e.g.*, of a lake among glacier-worn mountains that was peacock blue. His dry western comments also are good, as when the horses are having precipitous work to do. Wes remarks:

"If they get through here, we'll have to take out a licence for keeping goats."

He can tell a story admirably. And in every page there is real enjoyment in wet and shine. "It is fun to cut balsam," he says when he is cutting it as the mattress for a bed in his permanent camp; and that is a characteristic expression. His equably high spirits make the narrative travel at a pleasant speed: it leaves us at the end with a vague satisfaction and an inability to compare him with anyone.

THE MYSTICS. By Catherine Cecil Thurston. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)

With "John Chilcote, M.P.," Mrs. Thurston glided easily to a high altitude of popular literary fame, for it was a compelling book with a novel "plot," and its style was workmanlike and free from affectation. It was, however, a melodramatic story, with the melodramatic element kept well in hand. We regret that the same cannot be said of "The Mystics," for in it melodrama has mastered Mrs. Thurston. The story is a modern one, and has for its central figure a young man who, learning the secrets of a sect of mystics, presents himself to them as their expected Prophet in order that he may secure the money which an uncle left to the sect instead of to the youth, his heir. Here and there one gets the belief that Mrs. Thurston has been thinking of Dowie and his exploits, but there is no attempt to portray any such sensational fraud of real life. As the book progresses a "love interest" is introduced, and the Prophet, at a mass meeting of his disciples, discloses the fact that he is an impostor. It is quite a presentable work; but scarcely worthy of the pen that gave us "John Chilcote" and "The Circle." It may not have been hurriedly written, but the reader gets the impression that it was; and Mrs. Thurston knows, more thoroughly than anyone else, that she has the power to give us better stuff than that of which "The Mystics" has been fashioned.

THE RETURN OF RICHARD CARR. By Winifred Boggs. 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)

The problem of the modern Enoch Arden is not an easy subject to handle in fiction, and Miss Boggs has by no means shirked its difficulties. Richard Carr reappears after seven years on a desert island, to find, rather to his surprise, that his young wife is still unmarried. He is mistaken, and allows himself to be mistaken, for his friend Seddon, a fellow-passenger. Then, revealing his identity only to his solicitor, he determines to take up Seddon's career as a barrister, and to win his wife afresh, instead of claiming her love as a duty. The selfish and easy-going nature of the man has been purified by his exile, and the problem of the story is to show how the moral transformation avails alongside of the strange relationship now subsisting between him and his wife, especially as the latter is being courted by a rising fellow-barrister. We are not going to give away the secret of the plot. The interest of the book lies wholly in the novel and fascinating position in which Richard finds himself placed. How he gets into it is a trifle improbable. Miss Boggs has to assume that seven years and the changes they worked so transmogrified him that he was recognised neither by his wife nor his mother-in-law. Further, she assumes a likeness between him and Seddon. All this is a sufficient strain upon probabilities. But, once one grants the start, the rest of the story advances without a pause. It is well written, in some places admirably written, and the reader will discover that its pages afford quite a fresh taste to the palate. The loquacious gate-keeper is excellent, among the minor characters.

THE TOLL-BAR. By J. E. Buckrose. 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)

The plot of this capital little novel is as well constructed as any we have recently come across. Richard Deane's father has been murdered by a coarse tyrant, Oldroyd, the landlord of the Toll-Bar inn, and the youth, who was a mere boy when the tragedy occurred, begins to suspect its secret at the very moment when he falls in love with Alice, Oldroyd's charming

daughter. A terrible conflict is set up in the lad's bosom. Is he to marry the daughter of his father's murderer? How the enigma is solved, it would be unfair to disclose. All we can do is to recommend the novel very heartily to any who like a well-conceived and well-managed story, written with artistic feeling and a true grasp of character. The author is to be congratulated upon having produced a fine piece of work, and especially upon the skill with which the various characters are drawn. There is real merit in the juxtaposition of the love rising between Alice and Richard, and the sombre atmosphere of the inn, which for a time threatens to destroy the young people's affection. It is seldom, indeed, that one finds a central idea so admirably knit to all the figures and incidents of a story.

Notes on New Books.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN.

Mr. Heinemann is to be complimented on his new venture in "dollar" novels. **Our Lady of The Beeches,** by the Baroness Von Hutten (4s.), is the first which has reached us, and it is in its way a very good novel indeed. It begins with a series of letters from a lonely, beautiful young married woman to a man unknown to her, the author of a book she had read and liked; and his letters to her. The second part of the book narrates their meeting and their friendship and their unrevealed love. At the end the love is revealed, and—"Bonsoir" is, perforce, the last word. There are delicacy, restraint, facility and power in the writing. As frontispiece we are given a reproduction of a clever portrait of the author by William Nicholson.

Mr. Upton Sinclair calls his new book "A Phantasy." Its title is **Prince Hagen** (6s.), and it deals with the Nibelungs, with whose characters and doings Wagner has made most of us more or less familiar. But, as may be guessed, Mr. Sinclair's "Phantasy" is concerned with a deeper meaning than a mere romance about Alberich's son. Questions of right and wrong, of wealth and its effects and obligations, of moral principles, and the workings of Fate and retribution, and the abuse of power are among the materials which go to make this book. The author of "The Jungle" is, of course, a man with a mission, so we may hope that he will do for millionaires what he has done for meat—ensure clean methods.

Mr. S. L. Bensusan knows a pleasant part of the country—perhaps Essex—quite well, its fields, men and animals, and he has written **A Countryside Chronicle:** Leaves from the Diary of an Idle Year in Four Seasons; with illustrations by Carton Moore Park (7s. 6d. net). He trusts chiefly to his power of writing, which is his weakest point. He has seen more than enough to furnish a country essayist, and he has got a good deal of it on to paper. Yet he is so confident in his ability to write picturesque and more or less finished chapters on country people and places, that he obscures his knowledge. If he is to succeed he will have to alter his attack and realise that because an article fits into a newspaper page or column, it is not therefore a satisfactory whole.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHEIN AND CO.

To most readers of Gibbon it must have been a shock to find George of Cappadocia, the patron saint of England, described as an unscrupulous army-contractor. Mr. E. O. Gordon in his finely-produced volume, **Saint George** (21s. net), proves himself a valiant champion of the saint, and convicts Gibbon of having confounded the real St. George with George of Cappadocia, an infamous bishop who was lynched fifty-nine years after the martyrdom of his namesake. The historical data are slight and not very convincing, but it is certain that from the beginning of the fourth century Saint George was the accepted champion of Christendom. Mr. Gordon in addition to his biographical essay gives excellent chapters on Saint George's commemoration in the liturgies, on the history of the Knights of St. George, and on the saint's celebration in art and literature and tradition. The book is beautifully illustrated and the binding is a fine reproduction of an old panel binding of the sixteenth century.

MR. ALSTON RIVERS.

Mr. T. Marjoram's book, **Repose and Other Verses** (1s. net), is worthy of its place in the "Contemporary Poets" series, with Mr. William Davies's "Soul's Destroyer" and Mr. W. M. Rossetti's "Democratic Sonnets." It is his first book, we believe, and full of promise. It contains about a score of short lyrical pieces, and not one of them is imitative or merely accomplished. He has not avoided obscurity, but that is because he has chosen difficult subjects and has not been content to treat them in an obvious way. At his best the strange halting verse, full of pauses, is a most delicately fitting garment for thoughts and emotions peculiarly his own, so that together they do reveal to us an individual mind and a man whose work is certain to improve.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO.

The eccentricities of the English spelling, and the attempts of Masticator B. Fellows, of Chickle University, Arkansopolis, to put it right and tidy, form the groundwork of an amusing little book by Owen Wister. It is called **How Doth the Simple Spelling-Bee?** (2s. 6d. net), and shows how a serious literary man was roped into the business, and how a simple romance could flourish in a phonetic and antipathetic atmosphere. The little skit is lively, and the seven illustrations by F. R. Gruger are full of the spirit of the farce.

MR. JOHN LANE.

Mr. Frank Finn's book, **Ornithological and Other Oddities,** with fifty-six illustrations reproduced from photographs (10s. 6d. net), is very good of its kind. It consists of short articles, many from the weekly and daily Press, dealing largely with Indian birds, to a less extent with English, and now and then with general questions, such as the sense of smell in birds. One of the papers makes some interesting and practicable suggestions for introducing new birds and even beasts into the parks of London. He knows a good deal; he has observed and experimented; and he writes agreeably. But he limits himself seriously by writing only very short articles, for he is compelled to write only in jerks, and apparently to experiment only spasmodically, and he pursues nothing to a satisfactory point. He is thus in danger of merely supplying material to more persistent and methodical naturalists. But what he says is always worth reading and is well illustrated.

MESSRS. SHERRATT AND HUGHES.

We have not been too often reminded that "in towns it is the duty of a good citizen to make his plot as cheerful as he can." This duty is made easier and more delightful by a book so independent and well-informed as that by Mr. H. M. Swanwick, **The Small Town Garden,** illustrated (2s. net), for hardly anything except what experience only can give is omitted from these five chapters on Soils and Manures, Flower Borders, Roses, Shrubs, Trees and Climbers, Hardy and Half-Hardy Perennials, Hardy and Half-Hardy Bulbs and Tubers, Hardy and Half-Hardy Annuals and Biennials, the Calendar of Garden Operations, and the Glossary of Gardening Terms.

Reprints and New Editions.

In an issue of The Bookman, which gives a foremost place to an article on Thackeray's masterpiece, **Henry Esmond,** it is particularly pleasing to notice the charming and wonderfully inexpensive reprints published by Messrs. Thomas Nelson and Son. As was most fitting, they have included this flower of English novels in their admirable New Century Library (2s. 6d. net), and in flexible leather binding, with thin paper and excellent type, it forms an ideal handy volume, while for frontispiece the artist has chosen that memorable scene which George du Maurier once selected as the scene he longed to illustrate, that in which Beatrix, young and beautiful and not yet callous, comes down the stairs, taper in hand, to meet Esmond. This same ever-fresh romance may also be obtained in a noticeable sixpenny edition, with the same frontispiece, and well and tastefully bound in dark cloth—a model for sixpenny editions.

A very pretty edition of Thoreau's **Walden** comes from Messrs. Blackie and Son. It is a volume of their attractive "Red Letter Library," which has few rivals as a dainty series of classics.

An unusually interesting reprint is one just published in Messrs. Routledge's Muses' Library, **Poems of Thomas Lovell Beddoes** (1s.). Mr. Ramsay Colles has edited it and written an introduction full of point, information, and allusion. Beddoes is by no means too well known. It is true that he never finished anything, but his fragments have a quality and an importance of their own for every genuine lover of literature.

New Books of the Month.

March 10th to April 10th.

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ALLEN, ALEXANDER V. G.—Freedom in the Church, 6s. 6d. (Macmillan)

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If anything could induce us to say with verity "Make me a child again," it would be the publication by Messrs. G. Bell and Sons of these alluring little paper-covered volumes of poetry. The type and the contents of Book I. win the heart at once: here may many an old favourite be found, even to "Who Stole the Bird's Nest," a treasure we feared we had lost for ever. Books II. and III. carry on the joy, advancing through all the moods of childhood. The new poets this month have suffered serious rivalry in our mind owing to the excellence and variety of these new-old pleasures.

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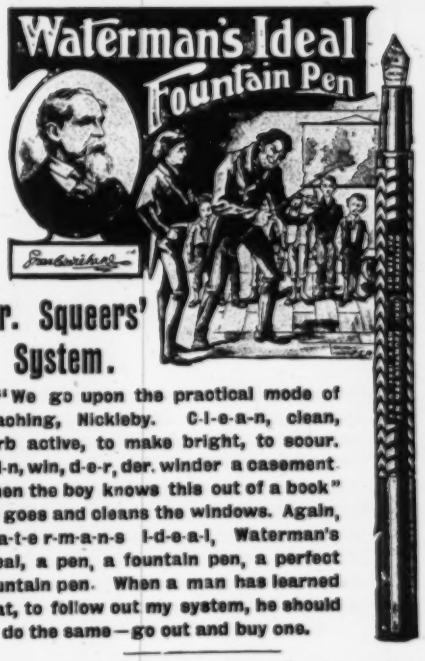

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